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ANOTHER LINK BETWEEN THE ROYAL HOUSE AND THE PEERAGE: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK
AND LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON, AT GLAMIS CASTLE, HER FATHER'S SEAT IN SCOTLAND.

The betrothal of the Duke of York to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, has been welcomed with deep satisfaction by the public. Like the wedding of Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, to whom Lady Elizabeth was a bridesmaid, the marriage will form another link between the Royal House and the noble blood of the nation, as represented by an ancient and

historic Scottish peerage. Elsewhere in this number we give full-page portraits of the betrothed pair, along with two other pages of illustrations—one showing the Duke engaged in various activities, and the other dealing with the Bowes-Lyon family and its ancestral seat, Glamis Castle, which is associated with Shakespeare's "Macbeth."—[PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.]

TO ENTER THE ROYAL HOUSE: A SCION OF "THE THANE OF GLAMIS."

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.



BETROTHED TO H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK: LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON.

The Court Circular of January 15 contained the following announcement: "It is with the greatest pleasure that The King and Queen announce the betrothal of Their beloved son the Duke of York to the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorne, to which union The King has gladly given His Consent." Lady Elizabeth Angela Marguerite Bowes-Lyon

(to give her full names) was born on August 4, 1900. She is the youngest of three sisters, the other two, already married, being Baroness Elphinstone and Lady Rose Leveson-Gower, and she has four brothers living, the eldest of whom is Lord Glamis. Prince Albert, Duke of York, second son of the King and Queen, was born at York Cottage, Sandringham, on December 14, 1895, and the historic

[Continued opposite.]

TO MARRY A SCOTTISH PEER'S DAUGHTER: THE KING'S SECOND SON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYK.



BETROTHED TO LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

Continued.

dukedom was conferred on him on January 1, 1921. After being educated at Osborne he entered the Navy, and at the outbreak of war he was a midshipman in H.M.S. "Collingwood." Illness prevented him for a time from taking an active part, but he served with distinction at Jutland as a Sub-Lieutenant. Later he joined the R.A.F., obtained his pilot's certificate, and has since been promoted

to Wing-Commander and afterwards to Group-Captain. He crossed to France by aeroplane in October 1918, and was there attached to the Staff of the Independent Force of the Royal Air Force. In 1919 he went up to Cambridge as an undergraduate, to study history and economics. He takes an active interest in social work, and is President of the Industrial Welfare Society.

THE FIRST OF THE KING'S SONS TO BE ENGAGED: A VERSATILE PRINCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, BLAKE STUDIOS, C.N., KEYSTONE VIEW CO., TOPICAL, AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



AS AN AIR FORCE OFFICER: THE DUKE (NOW A GROUP CAPTAIN) IN SERVICE UNIFORM.



ON AN INFORMAL OCCASION: THE DUKE OF YORK, WHO IS BETROTHED TO LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON.



AS A SPORTSMAN: THE DUKE OF YORK AT A SHOOTING PARTY.



IN ROUMANIA FOR THE CORONATION: THE DUKE (IN R.A.F. FULL-DRESS UNIFORM).



THE DUKE OF YORK IN THE HUNTING FIELD: H.R.H. AT A MEET OF THE WEST NORFOLK HOUNDS ON BOXING DAY.



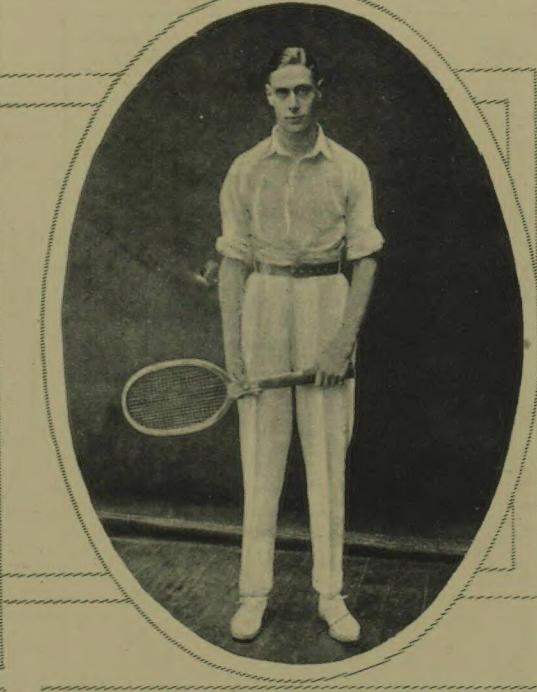
AS A POLO PLAYER: THE DUKE OF YORK IN A MATCH AT RUGBY.



AS A PATRON OF PUBLIC ENTERPRISES: THE DUKE ACKNOWLEDGING CHEERS.



IN HIGHLAND KILT: THE DUKE OF YORK (CENTRE) WITH PRINCE HENRY (RIGHT) AND THE EARL OF ATHLONE.



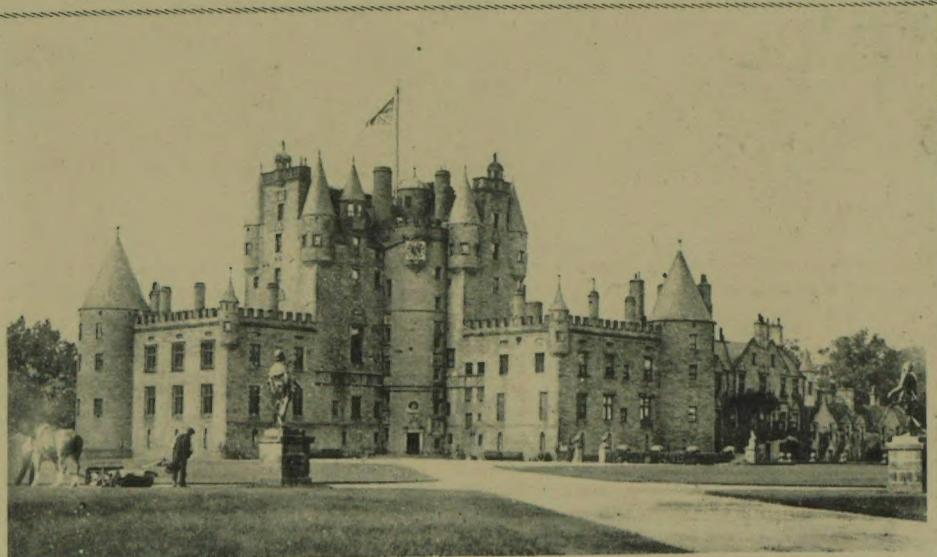
AS A LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER: THE DUKE OF YORK, WHO IS AN ENTHUSIAST AT THE GAME.

The Duke of York, whose betrothal to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon has aroused such great interest, was twenty-seven last month. He is a man of many interests and of all-round practical ability. His record in the Navy and the Air Force is mentioned under our full-page portrait. At Cambridge he studied history, economics, and civics, and he takes a very active part in promoting industrial welfare and fostering a spirit of co-operation and good-fellowship among all classes. He has done a great deal of useful public work, and, like his brother, the Prince of Wales, he has the gift of winning hearts by his modest bearing and sociable

demeanour. His first mission to a foreign Court was last summer, when he acted as "Koom," or sponsor, at the wedding of King Alexander of Serbia to a Roumanian Princess. Later, in October, he represented his parents at the Coronation of the King and Queen of Roumania, on which occasion one of the above photographs was taken, at a military review at Alba Iulia. As several of our other photographs show, the Duke of York is a keen sportsman, and is fond of all outdoor games, including polo and lawn-tennis, at which he shows a very considerable proficiency.

"HAIL, THANE OF GLAMIS!" ROYALTY'S PROSPECTIVE RELATIVES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, LAFAYETTE, AND BERTRAM PARK.



SAID TO BE THE SCENE OF DUNCAN'S MURDER IN "MACBETH": GLAMIS CASTLE, THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON.



AS A DINING-ROOM FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS DURING THE WAR: THE FINE OLD CRYPT OF GLAMIS CASTLE, WITH TROPHIES.

THE wedding of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorne, to the Duke of York, will not be the first royal link in the annals of her family. The Earl traces his descent from Sir John Lyon of Forteviot, who married Jean, daughter of King Robert II. of Scotland, and in 1372 was granted by him the lands of the thanage of Glamis. Sir John's grandson, Patrick Lyon, was created Lord Glamis in 1445. In Shakespeare's "Macbeth," it will be remembered, one of the witches' cries,

[Continued opposite.]



SHOWING LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON (BETROTHED TO THE DUKE OF YORK) SITTING ON THE EXTREME LEFT: A FAMILY GROUP AT GLAMIS CASTLE, INCLUDING THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE.

Continued.] "Hail to thee, thane of Glamis," and Glamis Castle, near Forfar, is the traditional scene of Duncan's murder. In 1606, the ninth Lord Glamis was created Earl of Kinghorne, and his grandson, the third Earl, obtained new charters, in 1672 and 1677, declaring that "he and his heirs male, or heirs whatsoever, should in all future ages be styled Earls of Strathmore and Kinghorne." The Countess of Strathmore, who married the Earl in 1881, is a daughter of the late Rev. Charles William Frederick Cavendish-Bentinck.



AS A BRIDESMAID OF PRINCESS MARY: LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON.



THE DUKE OF YORK'S FUTURE BROTHER-IN-LAW: LORD GLAMIS AS AN OFFICER OF THE BLACK WATCH.



A FUTURE DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE KING AND QUEEN: LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON.

By the prospective wedding of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the Royal Family will become connected with a house of ancient Scottish lineage. Lady Elizabeth's father, the Earl of Strathmore, who is the fourteenth of his line, was born in 1855, and succeeded to the peerage in 1904. He formerly held a commission in the 2nd Life Guards, and is now President of the Forfar Territorial Force Association. His eldest son and heir, Lord Glamis, served in the war, during which he was wounded, as a Major in the Black Watch (Territorial). Lord Glamis married, in 1908, Lady Dorothy Beatrix Osborne, daughter of the tenth Duke of

Leeds. They have two sons and two daughters. Their elder daughter, the Hon. Cecilia Bowes-Lyon, born in 1912, is seen in front of the group in the central photograph above. The other figures are, from left to right (sitting)—Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, Miss Betty Malcolm, Miss Cator of Woodbiscwick, the Countess of Strathmore, Lady Elphinstone, and Lady Glamis; (standing)—Lord Elphinstone, Lord Glamis, the Earl of Strathmore, Captain Malcolm, and the Hon. James Stuart. During her mother's illness in 1921 Lady Elizabeth acted as hostess at Glamis Castle to a Royal party including the Duke of York,



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHEN these lines are written, the Press and public are still under the shadow of a tragedy which ended on the scaffold. The shadow comes to most of us through a transparency of newspapers, which makes the tragedy much too like a shadow pantomime. It is now ended; but the same newspapers are already filled with the same sort of stories that may probably have the same sort of end. It is not with any particular criminal problem that I am concerned here, but with the general moral problem of the journalistic treatment of it. I am never comfortable about capital punishment; but in any case I think it should be the punishment of certain kinds of treason and tyranny, rather than of all kinds of killing. But while I do not think homicide necessarily the worst of our crimes, neither do I think capital punishment the worst of our abuses. And I wish to inform the newspapers that I, for one, am not so much troubled about whether a murderer ate a hearty breakfast, as I am about some thousands of other people who have had no breakfast, and yet have committed no murders.

So long as a murder story really is a mystery story, I think curiosity about it is very natural and pardonable. Personally, I prefer imaginary mysteries about imaginary murders, where a more perfect policeman runs after a more ideal crook; where "the hunter still the deer pursues, the hunter and the deer a shade." I like them so much that, when I cannot get any to read, I am driven to the dreadful course of thinking of some to write. But the ponderous responsibility of real crime seems to me to crush anything so delicate as the detective story. As a critic said the other day, with profound truth, the detective story is really a fairy story. Still, I can understand the newspaper printing and the newspaper-reader devouring the details of a murder, so long as it is a mystery. Where I think the sensational Press is altogether indefensible is not so much in being sensational about the crime as sensational about the punishment. It is even more horrible when it is not only sensational but also sentimental. In the face of such a tragedy, every human being ought to feel the sort of sympathy that utterly destroys sentiment. Sentiment is for comedy; it is only tolerable as a fanciful and fragile thing. Real tragedy ought really to purify the emotions with pity and terror. But a study of the Sunday Press leaves me doubtful about whether all my fellow-journalists have had their emotions purified.

But there is also a moral point of mortal or immortal moment. Everybody seems to have forgotten that punishment is supposed to be expiation. The only excuse for it is that it is supposed to clear all scores. If we have really come to the dreadful decision that a man must die, he has at least already achieved the independence of death. He has already passed beyond us, and certainly beyond all our loud gossip and scandal-mongering sensationalism; with human death he regains human dignity. He is no longer a mystery, he is a man. He has a right to the last of his private life, like one who is making some private atonement. We have no business whatever to be told about his breakfast, to spy on his private movements or eavesdrop on his private words. If we had public executions we should at least have the great advantages of publicity, and he would know he had to die like a public man. But

it is in the very vilest spirit to shout reports about him, like secrets stolen from a private man. He is no longer *news*; he is no longer a subject for copy, and hardly for conversation. We have no real right to talk about him at all; unless our philosophy permits us to pray for his soul. While we are about it it would be perhaps even better if we were to pray for our own; for there is one sense in which he is probably better than all of us, and stands above and alone. He is doing what none of the rest of us has ever done yet. He is paying his debts.

The truth is that there are two views of crime and punishment; many would call them the opposite extremes, and I should say that the extremes meet and are really the same evil. Anyhow, there are two ways of talking about these things which I personally detest beyond expression. The first is the sort of police routine and legal cant that cuts people up like a sausage-machine; which sees a series of poor, shabby criminals merely like a procession of pigs into the pork-factory of Chicago.

To my mind, the humanitarian is more inhuman even than the inhuman legalist. But there is one notion that never comes into the head of either of them; and that is the simple reminder that he himself is a man, that he also is an animal, that he also might be thrown into that arena or shut up in that cage. And the two types are obviously alike in this because they are fundamentally alike in everything else. For these two things are really the same thing; these two opposite extremes are really the same evil.

That evil is materialism, in the moral sense even when not in the philosophical sense. It is the general idea that men are like monkeys, that some men are very like monkeys, and that the only difference is between the case for shooting the monkey in the jungle and staring at a monkey in the monkey-house. It is a part of this philosophy, of course, that the more simian sort of man is always the more impudent sort; and to the eye of some of the philosophers the difference between the monkey and the

Italian organ-grinder is quite indistinguishable.

The criminal lawyers have had no opportunity of considering whether the hanging of a millionaire was or was not sound law; and it is comparatively seldom that the skull of a duke appears as a diagram in the books of the more benevolent criminologists. Among many other matters of agreement, the two share the conviction that the criminal class is not likely to contain anything classy. But their serious point of agreement is on the fatal necessity of crime for the criminal. The criminal lawyer is convinced that the prisoner has committed the murder. The more humane psychologist is only convinced that he will commit it.

The fundamental difference, therefore, is not, to my mind, merely between a particular punishment and a particular pardon. Of two men, one may be for punishment and another for pardon, but both for the same reason, and that the wrong reason. Of another two, one may be for pardon and the other for punishment; yet they may both be in agreement and both be right. A man may

be pardoned in the hope of reform or punished on the ground of responsibility; but both views are founded on the idea that his responsibility is the only basis of his reform. An offence may be punished because it is an act of free will, or a pardon may be valued because it is a free pardon; but both are rooted in the ideal of freedom. On the other side there is even less difference between the superior person who would pardon the crime because it is inevitable, and the other superior person who would kill the criminal because he is incurable. Neither would think of appealing to the criminal to decide for himself whether he would be a criminal or no.

The abyss is between those who respect a man enough to punish him and those who despise him enough to forgive him. The man who respects may also forgive, and the man who despises may also punish; but the difference is none the less the same. And one practical form of it is that he who respects a man enough to make him the victim of such a vindication will not make him the victim of vulgar advertisement, or a cockshy for the comic papers.



RECALLING HOW DUTCHMEN BRAVED THE PLAGUE TO BRING FOOD TO LONDON: A HISTORIC FEATURE OF "THE POOL"—DUTCH EEL-BARGES, OF A TYPE TO BE REPLACED BY MOTOR-BOATS.

The picturesque Dutch eel-barges moored in the Pool of London recall a privilege granted to Dutch fishermen since the days of the Plague, when other foreign shipping was frightened away from the Thames, but they continued to bring their valuable food supplies, braving the danger of infection. The old-fashioned sailing-barges, with their curious rig, are to be replaced on this service by modern motor-boats; but it is understood that the barges here illustrated, which have long been stationary in the Thames, as representing their owners' claim to the ancient right, will remain there as a reminder of the staunch courage of their ancestors.—[Photograph by Keystone View Co.]

The appalling dullness and staleness of this state of mind is such that it really seems to regard it as an ordinary thing that a man should be hunted and killed by men. It is only a question of how, when, and where this easy, everyday habit should be indulged, and of whether we have kept certain complicated rules of law, which are about as ethical and eternal as the rules of lawn-tennis.

But if the one evil spirit is that which would have men butchered like swine, the other evil spirit is that which holds them blameless like swine. The other view, which repels me not only quite as much but in exactly the same way, is that which suggests that criminals cannot help being criminals, just as swine cannot help being swine. It is the attitude of the humanitarian, who declares that the criminal has a criminal skull or a criminal nose, as the rhinoceros has a horn or the elephant a trunk. In other words, he also regards the criminal class as a separate species or tribe of animals; only, instead of killing the animals in a sort of forensic Coliseum, he would keep them in cages in a sort of psychological "Zoo."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

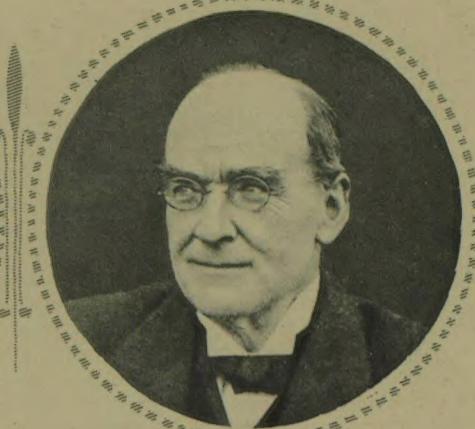
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIZZIE CASWALL SMITH, WALTER BENINGTON, BARRATT, RUSSELL, L.N.A., PHOTOPRESS, G.P.U. BERESFORD, P. AND A. PHOTOS, AND GERSCHEL.



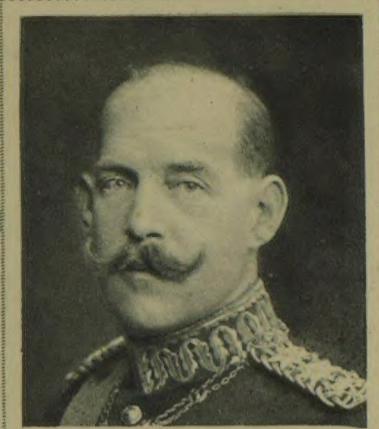
AUTHOR OF "WHEN IT WAS DARK": THE LATE MR. RANGER GULL (GUY THORNE), NOVELIST.



A BRILLIANT SHORT-STORY WRITER: THE LATE MRS. MIDDLETON MURRY (KATHERINE MANSFIELD).



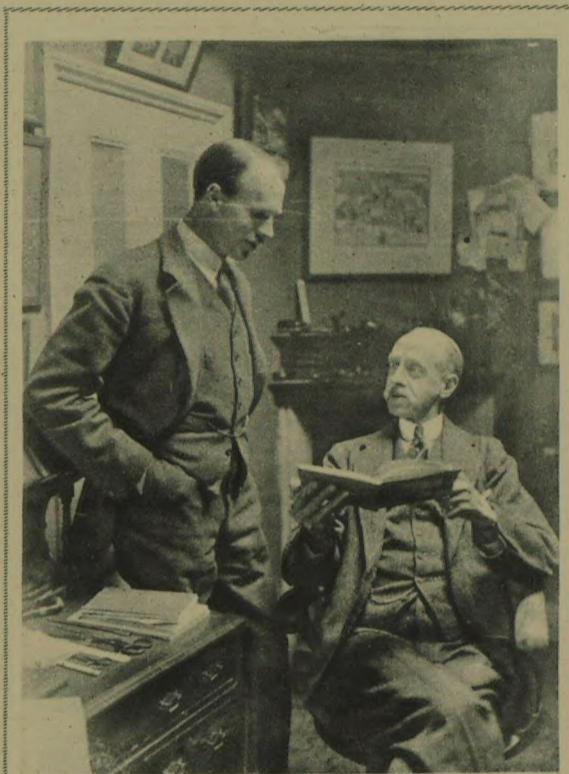
A WELL-KNOWN ADVOCATE WHO WAS A LABOUR MEMBER: THE LATE MR. C. J. MATHEW, K.C., M.P.



A MONARCH WHO TWICE ABDICATED: THE LATE EX-KING CONSTANTINE OF GREECE.



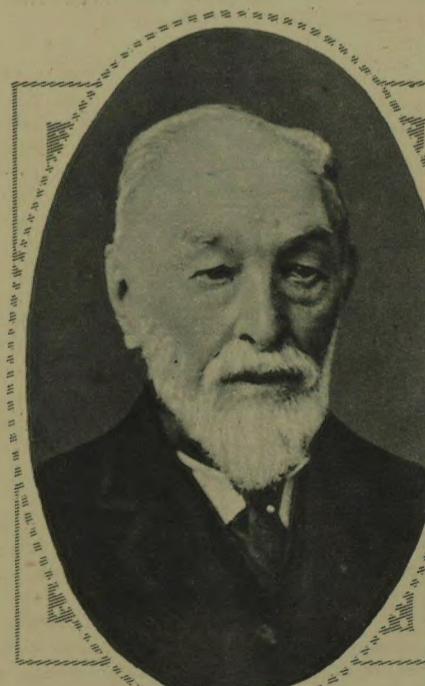
THE BRITISH "DISSIDENT" ON THE REPARATIONS COMMISSION: SIR JOHN BRADBURY (SECOND FROM LEFT) WITH OTHER DELEGATES.



A FAMOUS PUBLISHER'S JUBILEE: MR. JOHN MURRAY (RIGHT) WITH HIS SON AND ASSISTANT, COLONEL JOHN MURRAY.



A CONDUCTOR'S SPECIAL TUNING INSTRUMENT: SIR HENRY WOOD (RIGHT) TESTING A VIOLIN AND A CLARINET BEFORE A CONCERT.



AN EMINENT NONAGENARIAN PHILOSOPHER AND PUBLICIST: THE LATE MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER IN THE UNITED STATES: MR. STANLEY BALDWIN (CENTRE) WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH DEBT COMMISSIONS AT WASHINGTON.



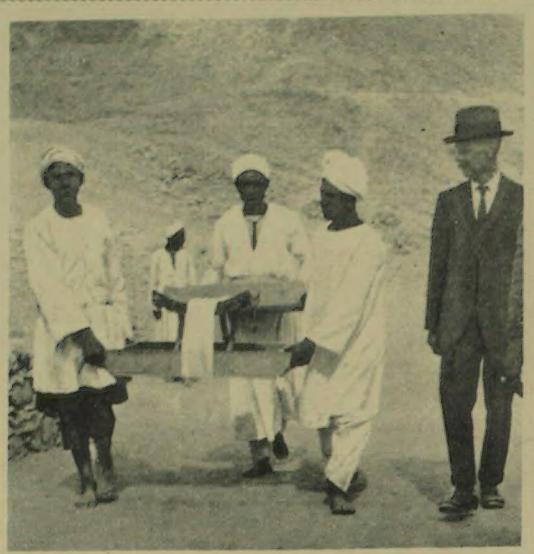
FOUR TIMES PRIME MINISTER OF FRANCE: THE LATE M. ALEXANDRE RIBOT.

Mr. C. A. E. Ranger Gull, better known by his pen-name of Guy Thorne, wrote more than twenty-five novels, the most popular of which was "When It Was Dark."—Mrs. Middleton Murry, who wrote under the name of Katherine Mansfield, made her reputation with "Bliss and Other Stories," followed by "The Garden Party and Other Stories."—Mr. C. J. Mathew, the well-known barrister, was returned at the General Election, in the Labour interest, for the Whitechapel and St. George's Division of Stepney.—Ex-King Constantine died suddenly at Palermo on January 11.—Sir John Bradbury dissented from the French, Belgian, and Italian delegates on the Reparations Commission when, on January 9, it declared Germany to have wilfully defaulted in respect of her coal deliveries for 1922.—

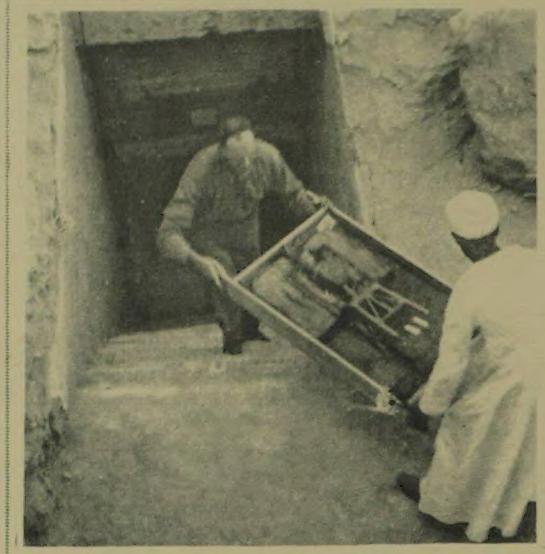
Mr. John Murray, the fourth of his name to control the famous publishing firm founded in 1768, joined his father in January 1873.—Sir Henry Wood uses a special tuning instrument, and hears each member of his orchestra tune up before a concert.—Mr. Frederic Harrison, the eminent exponent of Positivism and author of many well-known books, died in his sleep at Bath on January 14, in his ninety-second year.—The group at Washington shows (left to right) Mr. Wadsworth (Assistant Secretary), Mr. Mellon (Secretary of the Treasury, U.S.), Mr. Stanley Baldwin (Chancellor of the Exchequer), Mr. Montague C. Norman (Governor of the Bank of England), and Sir Auckland Geddes (British Ambassador to the U.S.A.)—M. Ribot was French Premier in 1892, 1893, 1895, and 1917.

RETRIEVING TUTANKHAMEN'S TREASURES: "1½ MILES OF WADDING."

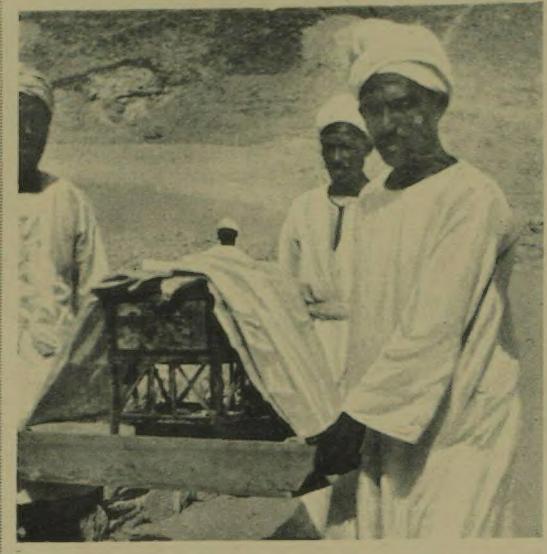
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



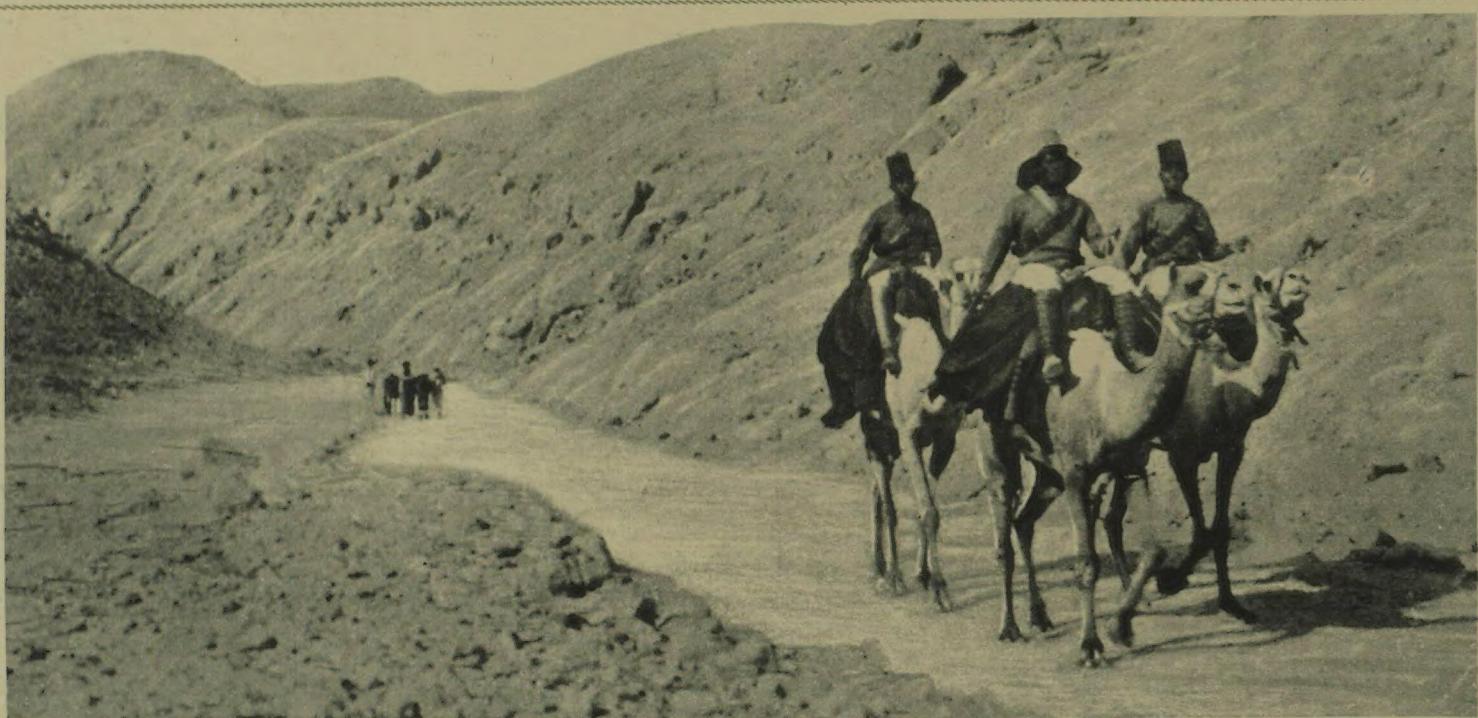
CAREFULLY STRAPPED ON A TRAY: THE KING'S FOOTSTOOL OF EBONY AND IVORY BEING CARRIED OUT OF THE TOMB.



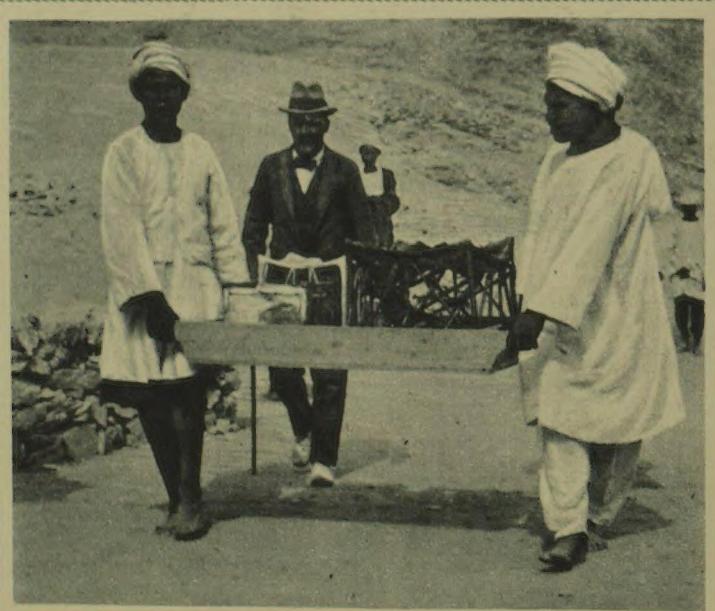
WITH MR. HOWARD CARTER (ON THE LEFT) AT ONE END OF THE TRAY: REMOVING A PRICELESS ALABASTER VASE.



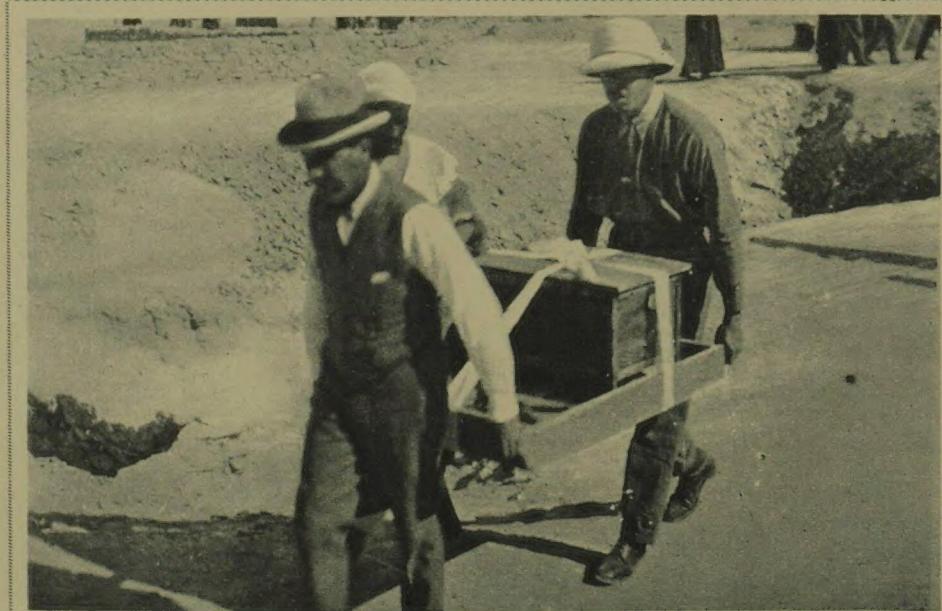
WITH A GOLD KNOB ABOVE: THE KING'S TOILET OR PERFUME TABLE BEING REMOVED, STRAPPED ON A TRAY.



THE GUARDING OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB AND OTHER TREASURE-PLACES NEAR LUXOR: MEN OF THE CAMEL CORPS PATROLLING THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS—THE WHOLE DISTRICT BEING INHABITED BY HEREDITARY TOMB-ROBBERS.



FOLLOWED AND SUPERVISED BY MR. HOWARD CARTER: EGYPTIAN BEARERS CARRYING TWO STOOLS AND A BOX FROM THE TOMB.



TOO PRECIOUS TO BE ENTRUSTED TO ANY OTHER HANDS: A CASKET OF JEWELS BEING CARRIED FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB BY MR. HOWARD CARTER (LEFT) AND MR. CALLENDER.

The work of removing the precious objects found by Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter in Tutankhamen's tomb has been proceeding apace, with a view to transporting them as soon as possible to the Museum at Cairo. Among those assisting Mr. Carter are Mr. Lucas, Director of the Egyptian Government laboratories, and Mr. Arthur Mace, Assistant Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, who have set up a laboratory in the empty tomb of Seti II. for treating the fragile articles with chemical preservatives. They are carried thither with the utmost care, strapped on special trays, after preliminary treatment in

the chamber where they were found. Mr. Howard Carter himself or Mr. Callender, who is in charge of an office and joinery, supervise each burden, and lend a hand to carry the more valuable treasures themselves. Great precautions have been taken against theft, as the whole district is inhabited by hereditary tomb-robbers. Guards are always on-duty, and the whole valley is closely patrolled by the Camel Corps. Speaking in London recently, Lord Carnarvon said that, for purposes of packing and transport, he and Mr. Carter bought in Cairo "about a mile and a half of wadding and several gross of surgical bandages."

FRANCE'S MILITARY "GESTURE" AGAINST GERMANY: THE ENTRY INTO ESSEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL AND WILLI RUGE (BERLIN).



HEEDLESS OF ANGRY LOOKS AND MURMURS FROM THE PROTESTING GERMAN INHABITANTS: FRENCH TROOPS ENTERING THE TOWN OF ESSEN—
A BATTERY OF ARTILLERY PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS.



BESIDE THE STATUE OF KRUPP, THE GREAT GERMAN GUN-MAKER: A FRENCH GENERAL IN THE MARKET PLACE AT ESSEN, WITH A CAVALRY PATROL AND A BODY OF CYCLISTS, AFTER THE ENTRY INTO THE TOWN.

Two divisions of French troops, under General Rampon, entered Essen on the afternoon of January 11. They had started early in the morning from Ratingen, near Düsseldorf, and marched to Bredenay, a suburb of Essen, where they arrived about 11.20 a.m. and made a halt. At 1.40 p.m. the main body of French forces came down the hill from Bredenay into Essen, headed by a party of cyclists in dark-blue uniform and steel helmets, closely followed by five parti-coloured armoured cars, from which protruded the muzzles of machine-guns. Behind the

cars came the cavalry. The crowd of Germans in the streets watched the scene with looks of sullen hatred and angry murmurs, but the French troops behaved with absolute correctness, as though on parade, and looked straight before them, taking no notice of the crowd's hostility. Within a few minutes a troop of cavalry dismounted at the Post Office, and a French officer, going in, sword in hand, formally took over the administration. The proceedings at the Town Hall are described and illustrated on another page.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

FROM LAND TO WATER: AQUATIC MAMMALS.

By Professor J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., Hon. LL.D. (Edinburgh), Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen.

THERE can be no doubt that mammals evolved from a terrestrial reptilian stock (Cynodonts), and that the theatre of their evolution was on land. Perhaps it was ten million years ago (in Triassic times) that pigmy mammals emerged, and for ages they did not make much headway. Elusive dwarfs hiding from the giant reptiles, they spent most of their time hunting for insects among the branches. They did not give much promise of the great future that was before them. Millions of years passed, until, in the Upper Cretaceous and early Tertiary times, mammals began to come to their own. There was a marked improvement in brains, and there was an exploration of new haunts. Some mammals became burrowers, others swift runners; some became arboreal parachutists, and the bats got into the air; some sought out the fresh waters and others went down to the sea. It is the return from *terra firma* to water that we wish to consider, with particular reference to the problem of re-adaptation. For it is interesting that mammals, which were primarily, and we might almost say painstakingly, adapted to the dry land, should become secondarily adapted to the water.

The Duck-Billed Platypus.

The most primitive aquatic mammal is the duckmole, or platypus,* of Australian rivers—a mammal in which there linger many reptilian features, such as the lizard-like pectoral girdle, and the habit of laying eggs. It is a rather squat creature, with a broad bill like a duck's, having a sensitive collar at its base, a flat tail, and many other peculiarities. Thus, in the female the milk oozes out by numerous openings on a flat patch of skin, which the young one licks. The males have an ankle-spur (rudimentary in the female) which is perforated by the duct of a gland, and may, perhaps, serve as a weapon in contests between rivals. But how is the duckmole adapted to aquatic life? It swims by means of its fore-limbs, and the fingers are webbed as well as clawed. Everything is done to reduce friction; thus, the ear-trumpet is very inconspicuous, and the fur is short and soft. The bill is suited for grubbing in the mud for small animals. As the animal makes long burrows in the banks, it remains less thoroughly aquatic than, let us say, a porpoise, and the adaptations to life in the water are relatively superficial.

The Sea-Cows—
The Dugong and
the Manatee.

Also somewhat primitive are the Sea-cows, or Sirenians, an order nowadays represented only by the dugong and the manatee. They are sluggish vegetarian mammals, with massive heavy bones and poorly developed brains. The dugongs frequent the Indian Ocean and the Pacific; the manatees live in the mouths of the great rivers that flow into the tropical Atlantic, and one of them goes far inland among the "Everglades" of Florida. Their fitnesses for aquatic life may be illustrated by the somewhat torpedo-like shape, the flattened tail, the flipper-like fore-limbs, the disappearance of hind-legs, the absence of an ear-trumpet, the closeable nostrils on the top of the snout, the presence of

blubber, and the breaking up of some of the arteries into numerous branches—a peculiarity which is said to be useful in prolonged immersion. In short, the sea-cows are bundles of adaptations to life in the water. Some of the details are very instructive. Thus, there is evidence that the dugong took to the water before the manatee, for the tail has flukes like a whale's, whereas the manatee's is simply rounded; the fore-arm of the flipper is almost completely enclosed within the body, whereas it is freely exposed in the manatee. Moreover, the nails are absent in the dugong, while in the manatee they linger in a rather rudimentary condition, except in one species,

skin is frictionless and almost naked; the few hairs that usually remain about the lips are exquisitely tactile. Cetaceans seem to produce a large quantity of animal heat, as we should expect in creatures so muscular, and this is well conserved by the layer of non-conducting blubber. This also increases the buoyancy of the animal, and, when we notice that it is simply an exaggeration of the layer of fat found underneath the skin of most mammals, we get a glimpse of Nature's way of making an apparently new thing out of something that is very old. The fore-limbs have been transformed into paddle-like flippers, which are moved *en bloc* and are mainly used for balancing. Of the hind-limbs and hip-girdle there are only vestiges left, and these deeply buried. In adaptation to deep diving the neck has been shortened down and the vertebræ soldered together. The bones show a remarkable sponginess, which makes for buoyancy. Then there is the reduction of friction, as illustrated, for instance, by the absence of any ear-trumpet.

An Intelligent
and Sociable
Giant.

To suit the driving out
and the taking in of air on the
surface of the sea, the
automatically closing nostrils or blowholes (reduced

to one in the adult toothed whales) are far back on the top of the head. The huge chest capacity, the spacious lungs, and the remarkable networks of blood-vessels will help in the prolonged immersion. Besides positive fitnesses, there are interesting negative features which illustrate, at any rate, economy of material. Thus the third eyelid, which is present in most mammals and used for cleaning the front of the eye, has disappeared; and this may be correlated with the continual washing. The same structure is a mere vestige in man and monkeys, and the reduction in this case may be correlated with the increased mobility of the upper eyelid. In Cetaceans the salivary glands are reduced or absent, as is usual in aquatic animals that devour their food under water; and there is also a reduction of skin glands. The smelling-membrane has also degenerated. Unlike the sea-cows, Cetaceans have finely developed brains, and in most cases they are sociable creatures. It is plainly suitable that there should usually be only one young one at a birth, that it should be very precocious, and that there should be special milk-reservoirs for giving it a big drink in a short time.

Carnivores at Various
Stages of Aquatic
Adaptation.

We have taken three very different examples—the duck-mole, the sea-

where they have vanished. These are straws which show how the wind has blown. Again, to take one other instance, the sea-cows have only sparse hair on their thick, tough skin, but the unborn manatee has a thick coat of rudimentary fur.

The Cetaceans—
Whales and
Dolphins.

The climax of aquatic adaptation is seen in the whales and dolphins and other Cetaceans. They have many primitive features, but they are at the same time highly specialised for marine life.

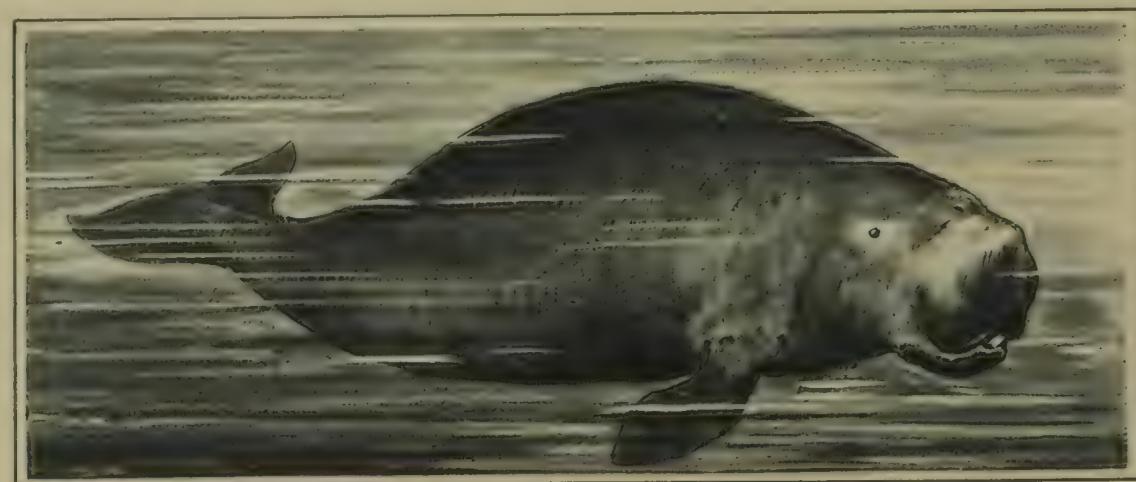
It is unfortunate that their pedigree is quite obscure, and even of their affinities with other orders of mammals little can be said. They do not seem to be at all near the sea-cows. As everyone knows, they include the giants of to-day, for even an elephant could be easily contained within the contour of a sulphur-bottom whale eighty-seven feet long. This gigantic size is, of course, correlated with the fact that in the water they have not to support their own weight.

How the Largest
Mammal is Adapted
to Sea-Life.

What are the fitnesses of a whale? The torpedo-like shape is well suited for cleaving the water, and the flukes of the tail form a powerful propeller. The

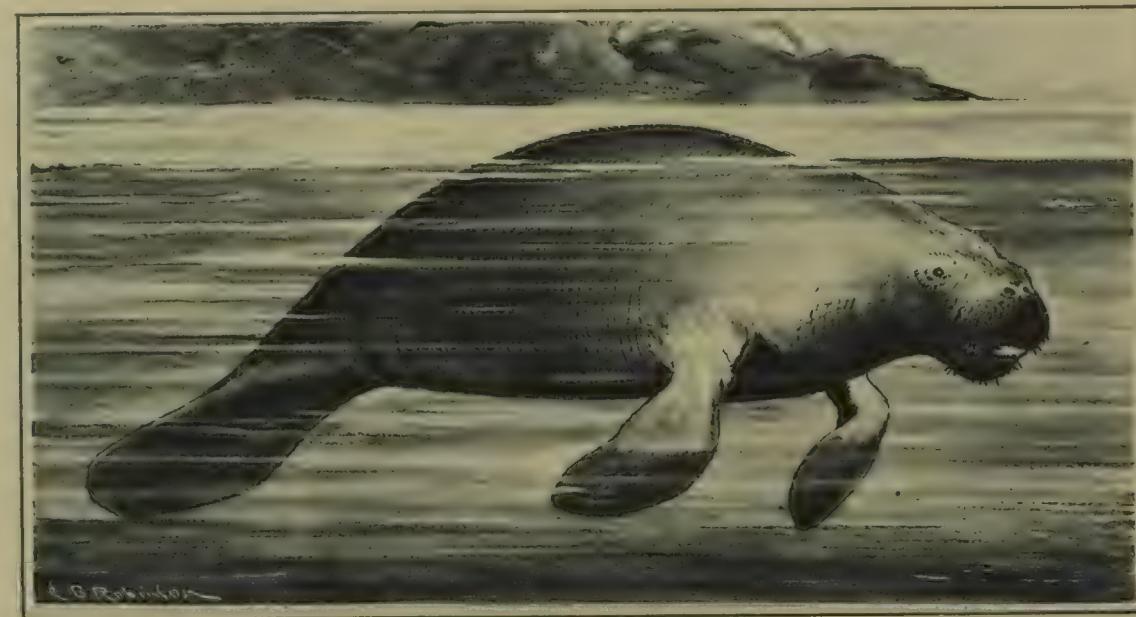
cows, and the cetaceans—from which we may learn all. But it is of value to picture vividly the evolution series which is so plain among carnivores. We may begin with an animal like a stoat that occasionally jumps into the water and swims well. The next step may be illustrated by the otter, that is thoroughly at home in the river and may swim for miles out to sea, yet remains equally at home on land. On the next level may be placed the almost exterminated sea-otter (*Enhydris*) of the North Pacific, whose hind-feet are suited only for swimming. Then we reach the progressive series represented by sea-lion, walrus, and seals—the last almost as thoroughly aquatic as the whales, except that they bring forth their young on the shore and nurse them there.

* As we have so recently illustrated the platypus (in our issues of April 8, October 21, and December 23 last), we do not think it necessary to give another illustration of it here.



WITH TAIL FLUKED LIKE A WHALE'S AND SHORT FLIPPERS—INDICATIONS THAT IT RETURNED TO THE WATER EARLIER THAN THE MANATEE: THE DUGONG, AN AQUATIC MAMMAL.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson.



WITH ROUNDED TAIL, FLIPPER FORE-ARM FREELY EXPOSED, AND RUDIMENTARY NAILS—INDICATING A LATER RETURN TO THE WATER THAN THAT OF THE DUGONG: THE MANATEE.

Drawn by W. B. Robinson.

THE POINCARÉ POLICY PUT IN FORCE: FRENCH TROOPS IN ESSEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, WOLTER (BERLIN), BENNINGHOVEN, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY.



IN THE TOWN FAMOUS, BEFORE AND DURING THE WAR, FOR THE MAKING OF KRUPP GUNS: FRENCH TROOPS QUARTERED AT A GERMAN FACTORY IN ESSEN.



WITH EXTRA AMMUNITION BANDOLIERS ROUND THEIR HORSES' NECKS: FRENCH TRUMPETERS SOUNDING THE GENERAL SALUTE OUTSIDE ESSEN TOWN HALL.



AT THE RATHAUS, WHERE THE BURGOMASTER REFUSED TO COME OUT: THE FRENCH COMMANDER.



WITH A MACHINE-GUN READY: FRENCH TROOPS OUTSIDE THE COAL SYNDICATE OFFICES.



WHERE GENERAL RAMPON WENT IN TO INTERVIEW OBERBURGOMASTER LUTHER: THE RATHAUS DOOR.



GUARDING THE APPROACHES TO STREETS: A FRENCH ARMOURED CAR BESIDE THE STATUE OF KRUPP IN THE MARKET SQUARE AT ESSEN.



TYPICAL OF THE ARTILLERY THAT ACCOMPANIED THE FRENCH FORCES INTO ESSEN: ONE OF THE FRENCH GUNS ON ITS WAY INTO THE TOWN.

When the French column arrived at the Rathaus (Town Hall) of Essen, on January 11, bugles sounded the General Salute. General Rampon, Commander of the 4th Cavalry Division and of the forces sent to Essen, despatched a captain to request the presence of the Herr Oberburgomaster at the door. The captain was received by a deputy, Burgomaster Schaeffer, who said: "Official visits I can only receive here in my office. It is not my custom to go to the door to interview callers." The captain delivered this message to General Rampon, and presently returned to say: "My General wishes to see Oberburgomaster Luther himself. Please send for him, and let me know when he is here." After twenty

minutes the chief official arrived and said: "Tell the French captain that Oberburgomaster Luther will receive the General in his office." Eventually General Rampon went in and informed the Oberburgomaster that, according to orders, he had occupied the city of Essen. Oberburgomaster Luther strongly protested against the French action, which he described as the "totally illegal application of military force to a disarmed and defenceless population." General Rampon then saluted and withdrew. A French armoured car was posted in the square outside the Rathaus and a Lewis gun at the street corner, while strong guards were mounted at all postal, telegraphic, railway, and canal buildings.

DIGGING SACRED SOIL: RESEARCH IN PALESTINE.—VI.

By Professor John Garstang, D.Sc., B.Litt., F.S.A., of Liverpool University, Director of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem, and Director of the Department of Antiquities for Palestine.

[In this series of illustrated articles, Professor Garstang gives an authoritative account of historical research and the protection of ancient remains in the Holy Land, under the British régime. His first five articles appeared severally in our issues of Dec. 2, 9, 23 and 30, 1922, and Jan. 6 last.]

WHILE the continuous occupation of Roman sites in Palestine has led to the consistent demolition of the ancient buildings, so that no city plans can be made out comparable with those in Trans-Jordan, yet there are numerous isolated monuments of the Roman Age. Some of the Jewish synagogues of the period in Galilee were mentioned in the first article of this series: a myriad tombs in cliff and rock faces, scattered from end to end of the land, indicate the prosperous civilisation and population of Palestine in those days. Everywhere travellers may find traces of Roman villas, indicated most frequently by *tesserae* turned up by the plough from the ancient floors. Columns and bases of classical character are to be seen re-used, often as not in quaintly incongruous fashion, in the country villages. It is not possible to give any complete account of these, but some which have been the scene of recent discovery or investigation are worthy of special reference.

Perhaps one of the most wonderful sites of Palestine is to be found at Bēt Jibrin, the site of the ancient Mareshah, which is situated at the foot of the hills eastward from Gaza, on the old road up to Hebron. The ancient town was fortified by Rehoboam; later a colony of Phoenicians was settled there, and played a considerable part in the wars of the Maccabees. Destroyed in B.C. 40 by the Parthians, it was reconstructed under the Romans as a fortress, under the name of Baithogabra. The Roman Emperor Severus conferred the privilege of Roman freedom upon it in connection with his Eastern journey. Here are a great series of rock tombs and chambers, some of these decorated in the Roman period with paintings of peculiar interest, which have happily survived and are now protected. Copies of these paintings have been published by the Palestine Exploration Fund. Doubtless many of the caverns date their origin to much older times; some are as much as 100 ft. across, and they are uniformly from 30 to 40 ft. in height, the roofs being supported in some cases by hewn columns. The well-known Columbarium is illustrated in our photograph (Fig. 4). It seems more than likely that in antiquity great numbers of these chambers were used as houses. One ancient Egyptian text may possibly refer to this region in an allusion to Troglodytes, and there are later traditions connected with the Hōrim and the Idumeans to the same effect. Others of the caverns have been re-used as churches, as is indicated by their apses and Christian symbols. Within the same village are interesting remains of the Crusaders, both a fortress and a church, while numerous white columns of the familiar Corinthian style belong to buildings of the Roman Age. It is here that, during the past winter, the British Governor of Hebron called attention to the traces of an ancient mosaic pavement, which, examined by experts of the French and British Schools, proves to be the finest example of its kind in Palestine. It has not been completely uncovered, but further work upon it will shortly be commenced. Fig. 3 gives an indication of its quality and interest. The design includes not only a variety of conventional patterns arranged with geometrical effect, but lions and other animals, birds, trees and plants, as well as the Seasons, represented by female figures in similar fashion to the representation of GE, the Earth, as seen in this photograph. Steps are being taken to preserve the monument, if possible, upon the spot, and it will prove an added centre of interest. Unfortunately, the communications with Bēt Jibrin are difficult, and the area itself is not healthy; but under the present administration we may hope for improvements in these respects.

The famous reservoirs known as Solomon's Pools (Fig. 6) have been called upon again by the new régime to fulfil their original purpose of supplying water to Jerusalem. Two of them are already filled,

and the third is filling for this purpose. The task of tracing and cleaning the old aqueducts, particularly those which supply water to the Pools, has been patiently and successfully carried out by the Department of Public Works, and has led to a series of discoveries in connection with them of great interest. The skill with which subterranean sources of water were tapped and with which the aqueducts were designed is worthy of admiration. The effect of re-filling the Pools has been to restore their picturesque appearance. Pumping-stations are being built, care being taken to preserve the character of the site. A clever inscription, dedicated to the engines, is being set up to commemorate the new achievement; it reads as follows—

PRODIGIUM HÆC OLIM BELLi IN DISCRIMINE FECIT
MACHINA QUÆ NILUM TRANSTULIT IN SYRIAM :
NUNC OPERE EXPLETO MUTATO MUNERE SANCTÆ
SERVIAT ATQUE URBI REDDAT AB IMBRE DECUS.

crack threatens the architrave where the two supporting columns have already fallen. Measures have been taken by the French Consul-General to prevent further damage arising, pending more permanent steps for the conservation of this very fine monument.

In the Valley of Kidron, just above the Pool of Siloam, there are three tombs of very striking interest, generally attributed to the Roman Age. One is commonly known as the "Pyramid of Zacharias" (Figs. 1 and 2); an adjoining tomb with Doric façade is the "Grotto of St. James"; and the third, which stands alone and is the most imposing, is the "Tomb of Absalom." We are privileged to be able to reproduce in illustration of one of these monuments an original drawing by Major Benton Fletcher (Fig. 1). It will be seen that, while the Doric and Ionic orders are suggested in the capitals, the execution of these monuments is severe. The "Pyramid of Zacharias" is entirely carved from the living rock, and the cornice is of Egyptian design, a suggestion borne out by the pyramidal roof. The "Grotto of St. James" (Fig. 2) recalls the façade of rock-tombs of Beni-Hassan in Egypt, the date of which is somewhere about 2000 B.C.; and as an early illustration of this type we recall the famous rock-tombs of southern Asia Minor. The so-called "Tomb of Absalom" is carved from the rock as far as the cornice, from which point it is built as the illustration (Fig. 5) shows.

It would be reasonable to argue from the simplicity of design, the Egyptian motives, and the severity in execution of these monuments, that a much earlier date might be assigned to them than the Ptolemaic Age or early Roman period to which they are usually referred; to wonder, in fact, whether we should not look back much further, even to the days of Solomon, when his great Temple was constructed with the help of skilled workmen from Phoenicia. A passage from Josephus, however, supported by other classical authorities, seems to throw a definite light upon the question. That writer tells us, in his "Antiquities of the Jews," that on the death of Helena (Queen of Adiabene in North Mesopotamia) her son, who succeeded to the throne, sent her remains and those of her deceased brother to Jerusalem, and "gave orders that they should be buried in the pyramids which their mother had erected; they were three in number and three furlongs from the City of Jerusalem." The reference seems appropriate both in regard to position and the character of the tombs, though the latter are usually identified with the "Tombs of the Kings" previously described. The fact that these are the only tomb buildings with pyramidal features seems to argue strongly for the date and age of the Queen mentioned early in the first century of our era. This Queen is not to be confused with St. Helena, so famous for her pious works in the age of Constantine; she is the devout lady mentioned by Josephus as having sent stores of grain to save Jerusalem during the years of famine of which we know from the Acts of the Apostles.

In general, the monuments of Jerusalem are too well known to call for special illustration in this series; but those who are interested in the development of Jerusalem in the early days of the Roman occupation, from the time of Herod to that of Constantine, will find in the work of the learned Dominican Fathers around the site of the Holy Sepulchre a wonderful record of patient toil, scientifically carried out through many years. This has cleared up many problems and explained the evolution and reconstruction of the area, from the Forum and other features of *Ælia Capitolania* (as the reconstructed Jerusalem of the second century was called), till, in the age of Constantine, the basilica and cupola were built upon the sacred area. In this scientific demonstration many of the seemingly meaningless columns and foundations to be seen in the adjoining bazaars, or protected inside religious institutions, fall into their place in an orderly and scientific fashion. It is even possible to recognise the long double avenue of columns which marked, as at Samaria and at Jerash, the principal thoroughfare through Jerusalem in the Roman Age.

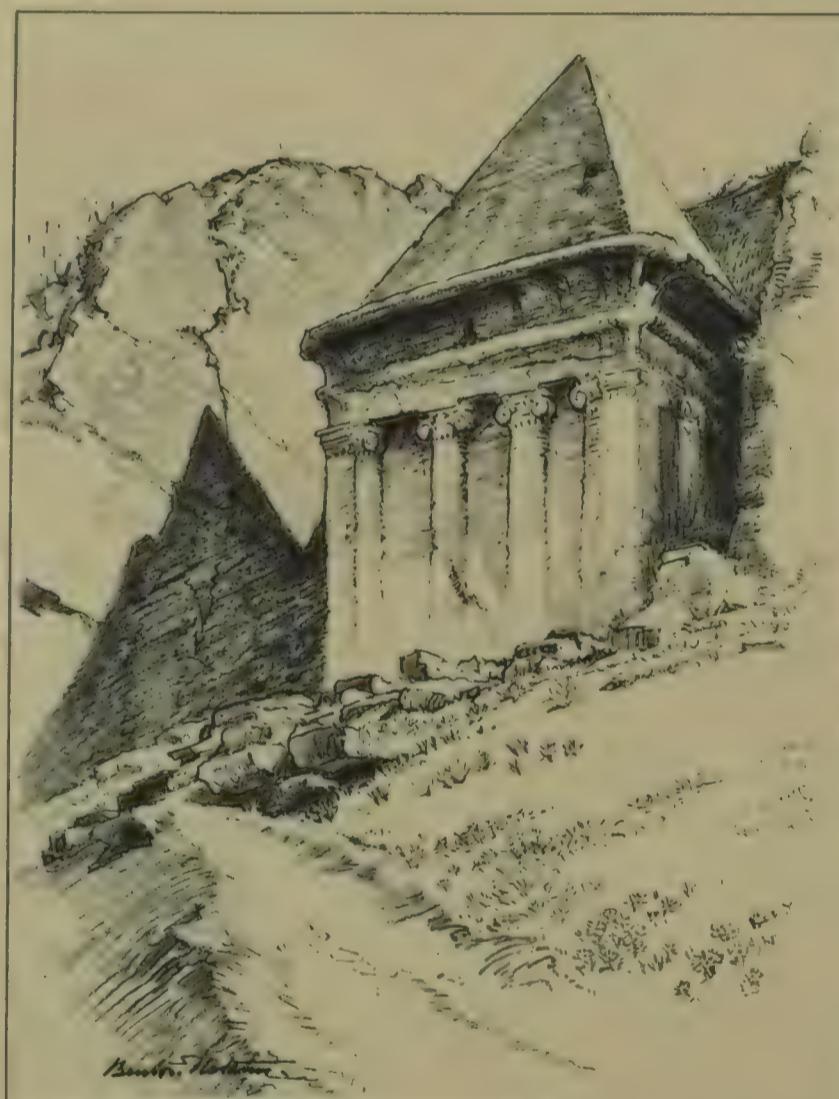


FIG. 1.—CARVED ENTIRELY FROM THE LIVING ROCK, WITH A CORNICE OF EGYPTIAN DESIGN: THE "PYRAMID OF ZACHARIAS," NEAR JERUSALEM, PROBABLY BUILT BY QUEEN HELENA OF ADIABENE, MENTIONED BY JOSEPHUS. Other drawings made at Jerusalem by Major Benton Fletcher, of the Mount of Olives and the site of the proposed excavation of the City of David, appeared in our issues of June 24 and October 14, 1922, respectively.—[From a Drawing by Major Benton Fletcher.]

of which the following might be a free translation—

These wrought a marvel in the hour of Trial
And drew to Syria bounty from the Nile:
That labour o'er, be theirs the new emprise
To wrest for Zion beauty from the skies.

There is no evidence that these Pools are to be attributed to the enterprise of King Solomon, but it may be readily believed that they were designed and utilised in Roman times. The extension of Jerusalem towards the north-west, quitting its ancient sources of supply for the higher and waterless ground, would lead necessarily to the engineering of new supplies of water such as these reservoirs and their conduits indicate.

Among the numerous tombs, decorated and undecorated, to be found in the valleys around Jerusalem, that series known as the "Tombs of the Kings" (the entrance to which is seen in our photograph, Fig. 7) is amongst the most imposing. This has been for some time under the care of the French, and the present Government has respected the *status quo* in this regard. The photograph shows how a large

WHEN JERUSALEM WAS CALLED ÆLIA CAPITOLANIA: ROMAN PALESTINE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE BRITISH AND FRENCH SCHOOLS OF ARCHAEOLOGY AND THE AMERICAN COLONY AT JERUSALEM; SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR GARSTANG.



FIG. 2.—WITH DORIC FAÇADE, RECALLING THE ROCK-TOMBS OF BENI-HASSAN IN EGYPT: THE "GROTTO OF ST. JAMES" (LEFT)—SHOWING (BEYOND) THE "PYRAMID OF ZACHARIAS."

"WHILE the Doric and Ionic orders are suggested in the capitals," writes Professor Garstang, "the execution of these monuments is severe. The 'Pyramid of Zacharias' is entirely carved from the living rock, and the cornice is of Egyptian design, a suggestion borne out by the pyramidal roof. The 'Grotto of St. James' recalls the façade of the rock-tombs of Beni-Hassan in Egypt, the date of which is about 2000 B.C., and the rock-tombs of southern Asia Minor. The so-called 'Tomb of Absalom' is carved from the rock as far as the cornice, from which point it is built as the illustration shows."



FIG. 3.—THE FINEST FOUND IN PALESTINE: ROMAN MOSAIC PAVEMENT AT BËT JIBRIN, WITH THE FIGURE OF GE (THE EARTH).



FIG. 4.—IN A TOWN FORTIFIED BY REHOBOAM AND GIVEN ROMAN FREEDOM BY SEVERUS: THE COLUMBARIUM AT BËT JIBRIN (ROMAN BAITHOGABRA).



FIG. 5.—CARVED FROM ROCK UP TO THE CORNICE: THE "TOMB OF ABSALOM," A PYRAMIDAL MONUMENT IN THE VALLEY OF KIDRON, JERUSALEM.

In his article on the opposite page Professor Garstang describes the three pyramidal tombs near Jerusalem, one of which is illustrated there, and the other two on this page. He quotes a passage from Josephus which seems to prove beyond doubt that they were built by Queen Helena, of Adiabene, in northern Mesopotamia, who directed her sons to take her body to them for burial. Adiabene was a small Assyrian province on the Tigris, a vassal of Parthia, and came under Roman rule in the days of the Emperor Trajan. Queen Helena and her sons,

Izates and Monabaz, became converts to Judaism about the year 18 A.D. She is not to be confused with St. Helena, who was the mother of Constantine the Great. Professor Garstang mentions that Jerusalem, as reconstructed by the Romans in the second century, was then called Ælia Capitolania. He also describes the rock-tombs and mosaic pavement found at Bêt Jibrin, the site of the ancient Mareshah, fortified by Rehoboam, and later by the Romans, who named it Baithogabra.

JERUSALEM UNDER THE CÆSARS: ROMAN RESERVOIRS TO BE RE-USED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AMERICAN COLONY AT JERUSALEM; SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR GARSTANG.



FIG. 6.—TO SUPPLY JERUSALEM WITH WATER AGAIN AFTER MANY CENTURIES OF DISUSE: THE FAMOUS "POOLS OF SOLOMON," PROBABLY CONSTRUCTED IN ROMAN TIMES, ALONG WITH THE ANCIENT AQUEDUCTS, RECENTLY REFILLED FOR THEIR ORIGINAL PURPOSE.



FIG. 7.—ONE OF THE MOST IMPOSING OF ROMAN REMAINS IN THE VALLEYS NEAR JERUSALEM: THE FAÇADE OF "THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS," SHOWING A CRACK IN THE ARCHITRAVE WHERE TWO SUPPORTING COLUMNS HAVE FALLEN.

These photographs are both described in Professor Garstang's article on page 88. Of the upper one he says: "The famous reservoirs known as Solomon's Pools (Fig. 6) have been called upon again by the new régime to fulfil their original purpose of supplying water to Jerusalem. Two of them are already filled, and the third is filling for this purpose. The task of tracing and cleaning the old aqueducts, particularly those which supply water to the Pools, has been patiently and successfully carried out by the Department of Public Works, and has led to

a series of discoveries in connection with them of great interest. The skill with which subterranean sources of water were tapped and with which the aqueducts were designed is worthy of admiration. The effect of refilling the Pools has been to restore their picturesque appearance. Pumping stations are being built, care being taken to preserve the character of the site. . . . There is no evidence that these Pools are to be attributed to the enterprise of King Solomon, but it may be readily believed that they were designed and utilised in Roman times."

HUNTING WITH THE PRINCE: "BEAUFORTSHIRE" PERSONALITIES.

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THE MARQUESS OF WORCESTER.



THE REV. JACK GIBBS ("PARSON JACK").



LADY DIANA SOMERSET.

BLANCHE, COUNTESS OF ST. GERMAN.

ST. GERMAN.



THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.



LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE.



HERBERT LORD.



MR. LEONARD TAYLOR.

WEARERS OF THE BLUE AND BUFF: SOME NOTABLE MEMBERS OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HUNT.

Apart from its sporting fame as one of the oldest and largest hunts in the country, the Duke of Beaufort's has a special interest now from its association with the Prince of Wales, who recently became a member, and is hunting regularly with it this season from Easton Grey, the house near Malmesbury which he took a few months ago. We give here and on the following pages a number of drawings, some in colour, illustrating the hunt, by the well-known sporting artist, Mr. Lionel Edwards. A previous colour-picture by him of a run with the Beaufort appeared in our issue of October 28 last. Many of the principal personalities of the hunt,

including those shown above, are mentioned in the article by Mr. L. M. Phillips on the next page. The Marquess of Worcester, who is a brilliant amateur huntsman, is the only son of the Duke, and holds a commission in the Royal Horse Guards. His elder sister is the widow of the late Earl of St. Germans, who died last year. His younger sister, Lady Diana Somerset, is unmarried. Lady Mary Cambridge is the elder and unmarried daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge. Mr. Leonard Taylor is a veteran of the hunt, who "rides 17 stone, and is a wonder for his weight."

Where the Prince of Wales Hunts: "Beaufortshire."

By L. M. PHILLIPS.



BEARER OF A FAMOUS GLOUCESTERSHIRE NAME:
DR. GRACE, A MEMBER OF THE HUNT.

the Dukes of Beaufort, save for one season, about twenty years ago, when a Joint Master held temporary office. Originally the country extended right up into Oxfordshire, through what are now the V.W.H. and Heythrop countries; and, in virtue of an ancient right, hounds meet once a year even now in Lord Bathurst's big woods at Cirencester. The Avonvale country, carved out of the southern portion, has been lent to that hunt for a long term of years.

Great as are the traditions of "Beaufortshire," it has never enjoyed more popularity and prosperity than in the present period, when Lord Worcester, the most brilliant amateur huntsman in England, and the very capable professional, Tom Newman, show splendid sport, whilst the country is hunted six days a week, and everything is done superlatively well. Fields are large, the more fashionable days drawing an average attendance of at least three hundred followers, and it is an admirably mounted, smartly turned-out and hard-riding field. The pageant of the chase lacks nothing, the mass of blue and buff, which is the distinctive uniform of the members, contrasting strikingly with the pink coats of the many visitors who flock here for the season. The hunt servants wear green liveries.

Take a map of the hunt, and it is at once apparent that the best centre is two or three miles west of Malmesbury. Norton, Hullavington, and Easton Grey are about as good as possible, though anywhere within an easy radius of Malmesbury is useful enough. The kennels themselves are a good bit west of the middle of the country, and staff and hounds have big distances to cover to reach their Dauntsey and Bushton country, the motor hound-van and the railway assisting the problem of transit. North of Malmesbury is the narrow neck of the country between the V.W.H. Cirencester boundary and that of the Berkeley. At first this is a hedged country, chiefly grass, with some plough, but never a strand of wire to mar it. Then, Tetbury way, walls replace hedges, and a delightful light-riding area stretches away to the Cotswold Hills, where hounds hunt a well-foxed woodland district, not only through the season, but right through April, which lengthens by a good month the legitimate season. This hill-country is rough, but sporting, and affords that charm of contrast and variety which is the special amenity of the Duke's dominions. The famous Sodbury Vale, a sweet but narrow valley, lies southwest of Badminton, and is an ideal bit of riding ground, grass and fly fences, with the vast woodlands called the Lower Woods at one end of it, and an

abrupt ridge of hill separating it from another stretch of wall country, along by Dodington and Dyrham.

South of Malmesbury lies the Saturday country. Banks and ditches are more frequent here than flying fences. There is not much timber-jumping—and it is indulged in more by preference than necessity—but gate-jumping is a common occurrence when time presses, and it is not considered bad form here, as it is in the Shires, provided hounds are running and the fence offering an alternative is blocked by a waiting queue, which cannot, of course, happen in the "Merry Midlands," where the field can spread out and jump anywhere. The Bushton-Hilmarton Vale is terminated by the escarpment of the Downs, a ridge of hill running for many miles. Coverts called "The Hangings" clothe this sudden, not very high hillside, and good foxes from them often turn down and give fine gallops in the Vale. If, however, they go over the top, yet another variety of country offers itself in the downlands—vast, undulating, open uplands, rolling away to Marlborough or Tidworth. The plough-downs are very heavy, but the grass-downs are the finest galloping ground in England, and hounds sometimes race over them. Perhaps the choicest parts of all the country are the Sodbury Vale, the Alderton - Sherston - Norton country, the Dauntsey Vale round Great Wood, and the Bushton one round Cleeve Wood; while the cream of the wall country lies round Beverstone, where it is all grass, though a fine open walled area, with some light plough to it, extends between Newton and Trull, and also in the Tormarton district.

Badminton has been aptly called "the main earth of fox-hunting," and every member of the ducal family takes the field, though the Duke of Beaufort himself now hunts from cars. He keeps two Fords, in which he follows hounds daily, with a favourite terrier, ready for an emergency; and, with his wonderful knowledge of the country and a fox's probable line, sees a great deal of what goes on. Lord Worcester hunts the mixed and bitch packs, four days a week; he is a born huntsman and goes the best, is admirably mounted, and always with his hounds. Lady Diana Somerset takes her own line over the country, is a very fine horsewoman, with nerve and knowledge, and would take a lot of beating anywhere. The Duchess hunts regularly, and so does her widowed daughter, Lady St. Germans. Baron de Tuyl rides blood horses of the best and is a nice light-weight.

The Prince of Wales is the most recent member

very good day in the Bushton Vale just before Christmas. He is already very popular with the sporting farmers of the country, for whom he always has a word, and, with his wonderful memory for faces, has evidently already "placed" many regular followers.

Seniores priores—few are left of the erstwhile pillars of the hunt. Mr. "Bill" Harford, the Duchess's brother, carries his years very lightly, and holds his own over a country with the young men. Colonel Haydon, of Maidford, is a marvellous octogenarian sportsman who rides horses that take some sitting, and goes well still. Sir Audley Neeld, the Squire of Grittenton, and his brother, the Admiral, make no pretence of competing, but enjoy a hunt, and like to see Lord Worcester kill his foxes. Mr. Leonard Taylor rides seventeen stone and is a wonder for his weight over a country still. Captain Shedd, of Malmesbury, is undefeated when hounds run, and is one of the hardest men in England over a stiff country.

The soldier element is conspicuous. Of residents, the Spicers, the Harris brothers, Captain Bobby Vivian and Mr. Philip Donner hold the honour of the home hunt in safe keeping. Mrs. Giffard and her small girl are always "on the premises." Lord Portarlington has some good-looking horses, and a very fine Rolls-Royce to take him home! Lady Cowley is very fond of a ride. Major and Miss Miles from Didmarton go the best. Other followers who



ONE OF THE MANY SERVICE MEMBERS OF THE HUNT:
CAPTAIN MAURICE KINGSCOTE.

are regularly out include Colonel and Mrs. Sidney Hankey, who ride very fine weight-carrying horses; Sir Walter Preston and his sons from Tetbury; Mrs. Cyril and Miss Peggy Ward; the three hunting parsons, the Rev. "Jack" Gibbs of Badminton, F. Timins of Westonbirt, and C. Holmes from Didmarton; Gibbs's galore, often including Lady Helena Gibbs, daughter of the Marquess of Cambridge, with her sister, Lady Mary Cambridge—and none goes better than Captain Lionel Gibbs, who lost an arm in the war.

Another very brave soldier is Captain Philip Walker, who has an artificial leg. Colonel Brinton is noted for his immaculate appearance. Miss Nell Gwynne-Holford, a Breconshire heiress, comes to Badminton every winter, and has good horses up to weight. Mrs. Capel, of Lyngrove, has some pattern "quality" hunters; she is a daughter of Lord Ribblesdale, who is well known here too. Captain and Mrs. Keith Menzies, Major Steuart and Lady Avice, and Major Rex and Miss Benson represent Westonbirt in the field. Colonel the Hon. Algy Stanley comes out with his stepson and daughter, Lord Erne and Lady Kathleen Crichton. Major and Mrs. Duncan Campbell hunt from Ladyswood; Major and Mrs. Johnson-Ferguson from Luckington. Major Cosmo Little, Colonel Morrison-Bell, with his daughters, and Mr. Pelly with his three, all come from Tetbury. Colonel and Mrs. Edgar Brassey-hunt from Dauntsey; and, now that Captain and Mrs. Dixon are ex-

pected at Draycott shortly, the country will be full up again. And there are still representatives of old Beaufortshire names in the Henrys, Bakers, Barkers, Codringtons, Rookes, Lysleys, and Pollens.



A WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWER OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS:
MR. CHESTER MASTERS.

of the hunt, and now always wears the blue and buff. He rides light-weight blood horses, and obviously delights in jumping fences. So far he has seen more of the wall country than any, but had a

A ROYAL RECRUIT TO THE BLUE AND BUFF: OUR SPORTING PRINCE.

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THE MOST RECENT AND MOST DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HUNT: THE PRINCE OF WALES, WHO "NOW ALWAYS WEARS THE BLUE AND BUFF."

"The Prince of Wales," says the writer of our article on the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt (on another page), "is the most recent member of the hunt, and now always wears the blue and buff." The Prince has hunted with the pack regularly this winter, from Easton Grey, near Malmesbury, and, with Prince Henry, he attended

the Hunt Ball on January 11, in the Town Hall at Chippenham. It will be remembered that he had a mishap while out with the hunt early last November, his horse slipping on a greasy motor road and coming down with him. About a month later he fell at a jump in the Bullingdon Club point-to-points at Garsington.

THE FAMOUS PACK WITH WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES HUNTS: A RUN WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S.

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"GOING TO A HOLLOA": THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS IN BADMINTON PARK. "THE MAIN EARTH OF FOX-HUNTING."

As mentioned under our colour-portrait of the Prince of Wales on page 93, he is hunting this season with the Duke of Beaufort's, one of the most famous packs in the country. The colours of the hunt are blue and buff, which give it a note of distinction from the ordinary pink, but the hunt servants wear a green livery, as shown in the above painting. Badminton Park, the Duke's seat in Gloucestershire, has been called "the main earth of fox-hunting." The house itself is

seen in the background, and in the middle distance is a herd of deer, watching with curiosity and some uneasiness the proceedings of the hounds. The hunt's territory covers an area of no less than 700 to 800 square miles. The various districts with their characteristics are described in the article on another page, where the principal members of the hunt are also enumerated. Sketch-portraits of some of them are given on that page and the one preceding it.

THE BLUE AND BUFF: HUNTING WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S.

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IN THE WALL COUNTRY AMONG THE HILLS, "A WELL-FOXED WOODLAND DISTRICT . . . ROUGH, BUT SPORTING": "GONE AWAY!"—
THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS AFTER A FOX NEAR HAWKESBURY MONUMENT.



"THE MASS OF BLUE AND BUFF . . . CONTRASTING STRIKINGLY WITH THE PINK COATS OF VISITORS": THE START OF A RUN TOWARDS
LITTLE BADMINTON—SHOWING THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT (IN THE CENTRE) PASSING THROUGH A GATE HELD OPEN BY A GROOM.

The fact that the Prince of Wales hunts with the Duke of Beaufort's adds to the interest of that famous West Country pack. Describing part of the Duke's immense hunting country, Mr. L. M. Phillips says, in his article on another page: "Then, Tetbury way, walls replace hedges, and a delightful light-riding arena stretches away to the Cotswold Hills, where hounds hunt a well-foxed woodland district. . . . This hill-country is rough, but sporting, and affords that charm of contrast and variety

which is the special amenity of the Duke's dominions." Of the hunt itself, Mr. Phillips writes: "It is an admirably mounted, smartly turned out, and hard-riding field. The pageant of the chase lacks nothing, the mass of blue and buff, which is the distinctive uniform of the members, contrasting strikingly with the pink coats of the many visitors who flock here for the season. . . . The Duchess hunts regularly, and so does her widowed daughter, Lady St. Germans."

IN AT THE DEATH—AND BEFORE: DAYS WITH THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S.

DRAWINGS BY LIONEL EDWARDS, MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." (COPYRIGHT.)



"WHO—WHOOP! WORRY! WORRY!" A KILL IN THE OPEN AT DOWN FARM, WEST KINETON—SHOWING THE MARQUESS OF WORCESTER, "THE MOST BRILLIANT AMATEUR HUNTSMAN IN ENGLAND" (ON THE RIGHT).



IN THE "WALL COUNTRY"—A SECTION OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S VAST AND VARIED HUNTING TERRITORY, OF WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES HAS HAD CONSIDERABLE EXPERIENCE: A RUN FROM PARK WOOD.

"Great as are the traditions of 'Beaufortshire,'" writes Mr. L. M. Phillips in his article on page 92, "it has never enjoyed more popularity and prosperity than in the present period, when Lord Worcester, the most brilliant amateur huntsman in England, and the very capable professional, Tom Newman, show splendid sport." The Marquess of Worcester, as mentioned on a previous page, is the Duke of Beaufort's son and heir. In the coloured original of the upper drawing

reproduced above, it may be noted, he is shown wearing the green livery of a huntsman, instead of the blue and buff of the other members of the hunt. In his article Mr. Phillips mentions several stretches of "wall country," one towards Tetbury and the Cotswolds, and another near Dodington and Dyrham. The Prince of Wales, he notes later, has so far seen more of the wall country than any in the vast and varied territory covered by the hunt's operations.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

ONE of the oddest of Time's revenges has occurred in Bookland. Within the last month, the author of "The Unspeakable Scot," Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, has discovered a Scot who appears to him not only not "unspeakable" but extremely speakable, and that on a subject about which Mr. Crosland is thoroughly qualified to give an opinion—the holy art of poetry itself. He has blessed, with due critical reservations, but still roundly blessed, "THE SOUL OF MODERN POETRY," by the Rev. R. H. Strachan, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.).

Now when a Doctor of Divinity writes on Modern Poetry, it is something to arouse curiosity, quite apart from any incense offered to his performance by a critic who would not be inclined readily to swing the censor before theologians, least of all Scots theologians. These accidents are interesting, but even without them the book would have attracted attention by its own merit. One is delighted, of course, to see that Dr. Strachan's views on modern poetry have more than passed muster with so fine a poet and so sound a critic of literature (if not always of Scotsmen) as Mr. Crosland, but this review is not concerned with any thing that may have been said elsewhere about the book. Nor did the opinions, good or bad, of other people, prompt these remarks. "The Soul of Modern Poetry" demands consideration. It is an essay to reckon with; and in these days, when poetry is so much read and discussed, the reckoning is likely to be long and controversial.

The book is quite short, but it is full of matter and well nourished on authorities. Much thinking and condensation have gone to its making, for Dr. Strachan has taken only 248 pages to hale the soul out of Modern Poetry. If the last phrase suggests a remark of Benedick's, I intend no ribald parallel between the Doctor's criticism and the material Balthasar used to hale out souls. It is the performance, not the medium, that matters. Only soul can evoke soul, and here it "is the witness still of excellency."

Aesthetic and technical questions, however, enter only very lightly into this essay, which is chiefly metaphysical in its aim. Dr. Strachan has succeeded very well in keeping down the theologian that dwells within him. If the sound divine looks out here and there, his appearance is seldom inappropriate, and he never—well, hardly ever—mounts the pulpit. If he does, he refrains entirely from beating the drum ecclesiastic, and the most rebellious Georgians ought to hear him, if not gladly, at least considerably. Some of them may be a little surprised to find that so many things are dreamt of in their philosophy as are brought to light in this first serious attempt to systematise the thought of modern poetry.

Modern Poetry? The phrase leads one to ask whether the title of the book is quite happy. In some respects "Georgian poetry" would have been better; but Dr. Strachan wished, for the purposes of his argument, to include Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy. He shows cause for that inclusion, but it lands him in a difficulty. Why should he, including these two, omit others that leap to mind? Possibly, almost certainly, because he considered that only Meredith and Hardy could be regarded as direct begetters of the poetical thought with which the book is concerned. Within the prescribed limits a good deal is to be said for this view, but I doubt whether the group of poets chosen to represent the "Moderns" and their precursors is perfectly satisfactory.

If, however, we understand "Modern Poetry" to mean the work that appears in so-called Georgian Anthologies, the scheme may pass without cavil. At the same time I think that Dr. Strachan has expended his considerable critical and philosophical powers on material not quite ready to thole such an assize. But he may have come to his task in the

spirit of Master Trebonius of Eisenach, who used to bow every morning to his urchins, saying, "for there may be some great men before us."

One would like to know Dr. Strachan's views on this point, and whether, as Coleridge staked his faith on Wordsworth, he has sure hope that some one of his modeps is destined for the highest place. He is chary of prophecy, and here he is as wise as Coleridge, who did not actually predict. "What Mr. Wordsworth will produce," says Coleridge in the "Biographia Literaria," "it is not for me to prophesy; but I could pronounce with the liveliest convictions what he is capable of producing. It is the FIRST GENUINE PHILOSOPHIC POEM." Dr. Strachan's nearest approach to such a judgment is to say that Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, "among all our modern poets, shows leading capacity for philosophical insight."

To me the most interesting part of the book is the ingenious tracing of the lineage of Modern Poetry from Wordsworth to Masefield. Dr. Strachan makes

Hardy's is the less despairing influence: even when he looks full at the worst, he finds room for the Chorus of the Pities.

Dr. Strachan takes no account of Mr. A. E. Housman, whose influence on more recent poets is far from negligible. The chastened beauty of Mr. Housman's "LAST POEMS" (Grant Richards; 5s.), has made an extraordinary appeal to the present age. Wordsworthian in their transcription of Nature, to Man these poems bring no Wordsworthian reassurance. Nearly every piece leads to the grave, beyond which the poet dare not look.

Whatever of the Wordsworthian spirit modern poetry may preserve, it has little use for "Intimations of Immortality," and rather flatters itself on its courageous acceptance of annihilation. This attitude has become so much the correct thing that the courage is somewhat cheapened. The really courageous poet of to-day or to-morrow will be he who champions faith once more.

Champions may even be within hail. The boldest affirmative note heard since Armageddon is sounded by Mr. Chesterton in two poems that leap out from the new collection, "THE BALLAD OF ST. BARBARA" (Palmer; 7s. 6d.). Both pieces were inspired by the author's visit to Jerusalem. In the last stanza of the first, the line

Life is not void or stuff for scorners comes, like much else in the book, as a tonic to spirits debilitated by the strenuous negations of much current verse.

Further keys to the Soul of Modern Poetry will be found in the new volume of "GEORGIAN POETRY," edited by E. M. (The Poetry Bookshop; 6s.). In his Preface to this, the fifth issue of the collection, the editor wishes to make a mild protest against the charge that his anthologies have "merely encouraged a small clique of mutually indistinguishable poetasters to abound in their own and each other's sense and nonsense." The protest may be allowed. The Georgian books are a useful record of a movement. But it is well to recognise that none of the poets admitted to these little Temples of Fame is yet assured of his place in the loftier Temple where the Immortals dwell.

Have the modern poets lost the art of the love-lyric in these introspective times? Mr. Yeats still sings a song of pure passion, now and then; see "LATER POEMS" (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.), but it seems as if our newer bards had grown shy even of their lady's eyebrow. This is disquieting. But Mr. F. Brett Young's "Song at Santa Cruz," in the new Georgian volume, is the right gallant and inspired stuff.

In this collection seven contemporary poets appear for the first time. They are Mr. Edmund Blunden, Mr. Martin Armstrong, Mr. Richard Hughes, Mr. William Kerr, Mr. Frank Prewett, Mr. Peter Quennell, and Miss Victoria Sackville-West. Some of these may be mere birds of passage; but Mr. Blunden, certainly, and Mr. Kerr and Mr. Armstrong in all reasonable probability, are not to be regarded as transient. Miss Sackville-West's hand is strongest in English prose, but in "A Saxon Song" she has written something really memorable—I would say splendid. I thought it the most poetical work in the whole anthology. It restores the pure spirit of the England that was before Taillefer sang the Song of Roland on the eve of Senlac.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH RHINELAND ARMY THAT OCCUPIED THE RUHR

VALLEY: GENERAL DEGOUTTE.—[Photograph by Meley (Paris).]

out a good case, although he has to face the fact that the mood of modern poetry is a contrast to Wordsworth's "emotion recollected in tranquillity." Where Wordsworth selects and sublimates in his scenes of rural life, Masefield spares no realistic detail, yet he expresses emotion "with a Wordsworthian directness and simplicity." But is it quite correct to say that "Mr. Masefield has discovered a truth hidden from Wordsworth, that underneath the surface of apparently placid rural society there rages a war of human passion"? Was this really hidden from Wordsworth? From "Peter Bell," "Ruth," and "The Prelude," one seems to gather that he knew, but that he refused to represent passion realistically, as alien to his conception of poetry. Wordsworth considered that Realism belongs to "the suburbs of the mind." The moderns have no such scruples. The suburbanity they dread is not intellectual.

Dr. Strachan finds that the modern poet has for the most part accepted Meredith's teaching that "Earth is our only visible friend," and Hardy's that life is a series of "unadjusted impressions." The new singers are the poets of "wonder" and of "war," but generally they restrict wonder to the visible world. They consider it feeble-minded to entertain any hope of personal immortality. With Meredith they are "warrior hearts" scorning pity; and with Hardy they dare to take "a full look at the worst."

In our issue of Jan. 6, I mistook the publisher of W. H. Hudson's "A HIND IN RICHMOND PARK." The book is issued by Messrs. Dent, to whom be my apologies for a regrettable slip.



SABOTAGE IN IRELAND: A CAMPAIGN OF TRAIN-WRECKING AND ARSON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, L.N.A., AND TOPICAL.



ONE OF 42 DERAILMENTS IN SIX MONTHS: A TRAIN OVERTURNED BY IRISH REBELS BETWEEN DUNDALK AND INISHKEEN.



BLOWN UP BY A LAND MINE AFTER THE GARRISON HAD BEEN ORDERED OUT: THE CIVIC GUARD BARRACKS AT RATHFARNHAM.



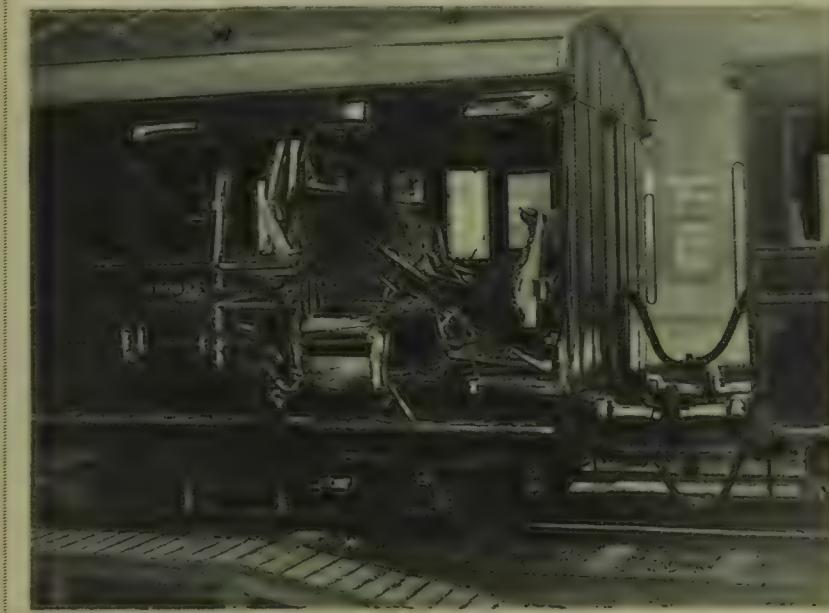
PRESIDENT COSGRAVE'S HOUSE BURNT DOWN, WITH A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS AND HISTORIC LETTERS: IRISH C.I.D. MEN IN CHARGE AT BEECH PARK.



THE FIRST ATTACK ON THE NEW IRISH POLICE: MEMBERS OF THE CIVIC GUARD WHOSE BARRACKS AT RATHFARNHAM WERE DESTROYED BY REBELS.



CLOSELY GUARDED BY HIS STAFF ARMED WITH RIFLES AND REVOLVERS: PRESIDENT COSGRAVE IN THE RUINS OF HIS HOUSE NEAR RATHFARNHAM.



AFTER A COLLISION BETWEEN A PASSENGER TRAIN AND A GOODS ENGINE DERAILED BY REBELS NEAR CLONTARF: A WRECKED COMPARTMENT.

Since the end of last June the Irish rebels have committed numerous outrages on the Great Southern and Western Railway in the South of Ireland, which is not only a line of communication of Free State troops, but is one of the chief means of transport to supply the country with food. Within six months and a week the rebels have wrecked the permanent way in 375 different places, have derailed 42 engines, and have damaged 258 bridges, 83 signal-cabins, and 13 other buildings. A typical outrage was the derailment of a goods train at Killester, Co. Dublin, on January 6. The whole train toppled over, and a passenger train ran into some wreckage, with the result that the sides were torn out of several carriages

and seven passengers were injured. On the 11th the Civic Guard barracks at Rathfarnham, Co. Dublin, were blown up by a land mine, after the garrison of five men had been ordered out. This was the first attack on the new Civic Guard, an unarmed police force which has replaced the R.I.C. At 7 a.m. on January 13 President Cosgrave's country house, Beech Park, near Rathfarnham, was set on fire, and burnt down. Valuable books and furniture and historic Sinn Fein letters were destroyed. President Cosgrave arrived under heavy escort at 9 a.m., by which time the roof had collapsed. Once, it may be recalled, he was arrested there by Crown forces, who searched the house.

The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

FIRST NIGHTS AND AFTER.—THE AUTHOR.

"It will be all right on the night" is the common saying in the theatre when the dress-rehearsal has been laborious, unprofitable, flat. Then comes the *première*, and generally the excitement, the vibration, the "wish-to-win" turns yesterday's dullness into brilliancy. The atmosphere of the first night is like the firmament before the thunderstorm: louder of fear almost benumb the actors when they

to end. There are plays of vogue at the present moment in which leading exponents give a reading completely the opposite of the initial one. Thus, in one case, the artist has turned the comedy aspect into one of farce; in another, the character, which was hard with an undercurrent of sympathy, is re-created into a figure adamant and without any undercurrent of the softer side.

To criticise these mutations is not my business; it is the author's. I had my say after the first night, and life were not worth living had I to begin all over again with my summing-up each time the sweet will of the player induced him to vary his gamut. But to an ordinary observer the feature is one worthy of examination. What can be the cause of it? What is the object? Is it going to become a habit or to remain an ephemeral innovation? It may be—and I should welcome the views of the artists themselves on the subject—an unconscious change. Some practised hands become so inured to their part and the dialogue that they can play it aptly while thinking of other things. Even Coquelin admitted this when he was asked what he felt after the first night. He felt nothing, he said, and "*souvent je pense à autre chose.*" I have heard the same thing from fiddlers, pianists, singers. The only worker in the theatre who could, or should, not think of *autre chose* is the critic, lest routine render him stale and unprofitable.

It may be design. There are artists so keen on their work that they never cease studying, probing, altering it—just as one of our great authors (George Moore) is never finished and done with his work: has he not rewritten at least one of his novels because he disliked the first mould? The question is whether this laudable task is justifiable, and just to the author? I take it that any experienced dramatist visualises any part he creates; that he guides the actor at rehearsal according to his vision and conception; for aught we know, he may be right or wrong in his "moulding," but, after all, he is the "father," and every character is a unit in his scheme. To alter it on the strength of a mere individual opinion is an arbitrary act which may impair the intention, of the play, although there are instances when the new reading enhanced the interest; as in strategy sometimes does the unbidden move of a second in command. But, on the whole, I think the practice should be discouraged; or, if the artist thinks that he has cogent reasons to "vary," he should consult his superior officer—in this case not the manager, but the author. Often enough, dialogue is made to suffer and to become debased by "gag." If it became permissible to change the nature of impersonations wholesale, what would become of *ensemble*, harmony, atmosphere—in fine, all that should be symphonic in dramatic art? A little Bolshevism may be fascinating, but it is a dangerous thing.

A NEW LEADING MAN IN "THE LAUGHING LADY": MR. LESLIE FABER AS DANIEL FARR, K.C., WITH MISS MARIE LÖHR AS LADY MARJORIE COLLADINE, AT THE GLOBE.

Mr. Leslie Faber recently assumed the part originally taken by Mr. Godfrey Tearle (now playing Arlequin at the Empire) in "The Laughing Lady," at the Globe Theatre. He is the K.C. who ruthlessly cross-examines Lady Marjorie in a divorce case in the afternoon, and falls in love with her when he meets her at dinner in the evening.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

emerge from their dressing-rooms and—some—totter to the stage as one condemned to death might totter to the scaffold. But no sooner is the curtain up, the cue uttered, than the electricity of lightning flits through the clouds and never ceases fulminating till all is over, and those on the stage, overcome, frequently do not recognise whether it is victory, or fall, or even that worst of all forms of verdict, the lukewarmness of a *succès d'estime*.

As in most things, reaction sets in after the strain. The second night is the *bête noire* of the actors, who either repose on their laurels or, resigned to failure, work hard but spiritlessly. The second-night audience, too—not necessarily of secondary quality, but unenthusiastic and never in the festive mood of a *première*—is unresponsive. There is no "go"; the applause is weak—often we ask: "Is that the same performance which yesterday was greeted with thunderous ovation?" The whole thing is a "dud," and only the experienced critic, who prefers, perhaps, to remain uninfluenced by surroundings, knows how to mete out justice according to merit without consideration of the flatness of atmosphere. Usually, after the third night, things settle down normally, and for a long time the play, if successful, runs night after night in the same high degree of careful interpretation, so much so that one could almost speak of a *cliché* of efficiency and spirit.

But gradually something develops which is both interesting and often distressing; and to this I would refer, because latterly it has become the rule rather than the exception.

I have observed—and I should be glad to hear whether any of my readers have experienced it, also—that, say after the fiftieth night, leading actors entirely vary their first reading. Some deteriorate; but that is, nowadays, except in certain musical comedies and at matinees, not a frequent occurrence—although I could name an instance of an artist who made an enormous hit, but on two occasions when I was present simply walked through the part—effect of a swollen head and a "cushy job," no doubt. Others seem to have acquired a notion that their first reading was mistaken, and that the moment has come—now that the author's eye is no longer at the peephole—to reincarnate the whole character from beginning

paragraphs and puffs. On the first night the cry is, even after a failure, "Author! Author!"—an ovation, a demand for speech. On the morrow his fame flickers on programme and poster (in smaller characters than the stars!), and ten to one not half—nay, not a quarter—of the crowd who hailed him last night could say by whom the play was written. He is merely "What's-his-name."

It is a strange symptom, and perhaps a survival of the conservative views of last century, when stockbrokers and solicitors were referred to as not quite "it" from the Society standard, and doctors were spoken of rather contemptibly as "medical men" and "medicos," instead of being titled by their degree. What is the cause? Am I far wrong if I surmise that in the early Victorian days, when actors were still somewhat beyond the pale as "rogues and vagabonds," the author, scandalously remunerated, was all too often associated with the pot-house and dissolute-habits? If so, then why the phenomenal rise of the actor on the social ladder, and why still a certain disregard of the fountain-head of the entertainment? Probably the limelight, the glamour of the stage, has something to do with it. In no country in the world, not even in France, has the actor risen to such a pinnacle as in England; but, whereas in France and elsewhere the author is number one and the actor number two, here all too often the writer of the play is treated as a *quantité négligeable*—on the same level as the producer—looked upon as an artisan, whereas in reality these twain are the very soul of the theatre. Even some managers treat the author lightly, and would not dare to tamper with their stars as they do with the chief factor in their business.

It seems on the surface a mere question of form and appreciation. But there is much more in it than meets the naked eye. With due respect to the profession, the supremacy of the actor is not an unmixed blessing, and the lesser valuation of the author would furnish a partial explanation of the plaint that our theatre does not make the same stride onwards as in other lands.

I am sorry that the pretty little story about theatre-building which I told in a recent issue is a fairy tale. I am assured by well-informed parties that the evolution of the one theatre in course of construction in London has not been attained by the method described; nor, adds an expert, would it be possible to find any bank willing to finance theatre-building.



AN "OLD MASTER" OF MUSIC AS HERO OF A NEW MUSICAL PLAY: FRANZ SCHUBERT (MR. COURTICE POUNDS) AND HIS LADY LOVE, LILI (MISS CLARA BUTTERWORTH), UNDER THE LILAC TREE IN "LILAC TIME," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.—(Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.)

on that or any other basis. There is evidently no royal road to theatre-building, and this, after all, may be the correct explanation of the shortage I lamented. A beginning has been made, thanks to Mr. Laurence Cowen; and, as he is not the sort of man to leave it at that, I am going on hoping.

BROADCAST OPERA IN THE NURSERY: TEACHING THE CHILDREN MUSIC.

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT.

WIRELESS AS A MEANS OF EDUCATING THE MUSICAL TASTE OF CHILDREN: A HAPPY FAMILY PARTY
LISTENING-IN TO AN OPERA.

Broadcasting has put into the hands of parents and teachers a new method of training the young idea in musical taste. The installation of a receiving-set in the nursery or the schoolroom opens up a new world of wonder and delight for little listeners. Not only can they hear fairy tales and humorous medleys of nursery rhymes, spoken from the London Broadcasting Station, but they can be entertained with items of the best music, operatic and otherwise—even from Covent Garden itself. Our illustration represents a scene that is nowadays typical of many

a home, in town or country, where the parents have realised the pleasure and value to be got from radiotelephony. The drawing shows a family party gathered in the nursery and enjoying the music of an opera such as, perhaps, "Hänsel and Gretel," conveyed through the receiving-set, with its loud-speaking device, which one of the elder girls is operating. The children listen with delighted wonder to the magical new toy which the good fairy Science has given them, while the grown-ups are equally enthralled.—[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.—C.R.]

A Roll Call of Memories: Lady Butler Writes.

"AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY." By ELIZABETH BUTLER.*

AT seven years old little Elizabeth Thompson was already drawing miniature battles, at seventeen she was lamenting that as yet she had achieved nothing great, and a very few years later the world was ringing with the fame of the painter of 'The Roll Call.' That is M. E. Francis, summing up the artist who was within an ace of becoming the first woman A.R.A. of modern days—in 1879, when she missed the distinction by two votes, although four years before she had been able to note: "Millais was so genial and cordial, and in seeing me into the carriage he hinted very broadly that I was soon to have what I 'most thoroughly deserved'—that is, my election as A.R.A." Evidently the Council were in sympathy with Ruskin, who confessed in a pamphlet that he had approached "Quatre Bras" with "iniquitous prejudice" as being the work of a woman. "He had always held that no woman could paint," comments Lady Butler, "and he accounted for my work being what he found it as being that of an Amazon."

The artist was not perturbed. Why should she be? "The Roll Call" was well on its amazing career. Its story is fascinating. It was painted for Mr. Galloway, of Manchester, who gave £126 for it—£26 more than the agreed fee—and the artist retained the copyright. Exhibited in the Academy of 1874, it created an unprecedented stir. The "swells" of Burlington House sang its praises in chorus; the Prince of Wales wanted it; the Queen had it abstracted from the walls one night, so that she might see it at Buckingham Palace, and eventually bought it, by arrangement with the original purchaser, who let her Majesty have it on condition that she signed six of the artist's proofs of the engraving of it and that the artist sold him her next Academy picture for £126. Eventually he agreed to give £1126 for "Quatre Bras."

As for the public, they were intrigued to the nth degree. Lady Butler writes: "There is no mention in the Diary of the policeman who, a few days after the opening of the Academy, had to be posted, poor hot man, in my corner to keep the crowd from too closely approaching the picture and to ask the people to 'move on.' That policeman was there instead of the brass bar which, as a child, I had pleased myself by imagining in front of one of my works, *à la* Frith's 'Derby Day.' The R.A.s told me that the bar created so much jealousy when used that it had been decided never to use it again. But I think a live policeman quite as much calculated to produce the undesirable result. I learnt later that his services were quite as necessary for the protection of two lovely little pictures of Leighton's, past which the people scraped to get at mine, they being, unfortunately, hung at right angles to mine in its corner. . . . Horsley told me that they went every evening after the closing, with a lantern, to see if the two gems had been scratched." No wonder Dickinson's were willing to give £1200 for the right to reproduce! No wonder Miss Thompson was flurried by photographers; and that one of her aunts, passing along a street in Chelsea, was astonished to see the rueful countenance of her niece on a costermonger's barrow, amongst the bananas!

Both before and after her name was made, it was the artist's good luck to meet many an interesting personage. Her diary records a number of "occasions." The first is: "My vivid memory can just recall Charles Dickens's laugh. I never heard it echoed by any other man's till I heard Lord Wolseley's." In March 1862 she wrote of a visit to Millais: "We entered his studio, which is hung with rich pre-Raphaelite tapestry and pre-Raphaelite everything. The smell of cigar smoke prepared me for what was to come. Millais, a tall, strapping

careless, blunt, frank young Englishman, was smoking with two villainous friends, both with beards—red, of course. Instead of coming to be introduced, they sat looking at Millais' graceful drawings, calling them 'jolly' and 'stunning,' the creatures! Millais would be handsome but for his eyes, which are too small; and his hair is colourless and stands up in curls over his large head but not encroaching upon his splendid forehead."

Then, in 1869, when Rome was under the Temporal Power, the Pope: "His outrider in cocked hat and feathers came clattering along the narrow street in advance, then a red-and-gold coach, black prancing horses—all shadowy to me, as I was intent only on catching a view of the Holy Father. We got out of the carriage, as in duty bound, and bent the knee like the rest as he passed by."

Next, Queen Victoria, in 1879. The artist was "commanded," with her "Rorke's Drift." Her diary records, "When the picture was in its pale, shallow, early stage, the Queen, who was deeply interested in its progress, wished to see it, and me. So to Windsor I took it. The Ponsonbys escorted me to the Great Gallery, where I beheld

my production; looking its palest, meanest, and flattest, installed on an easel, with two lords bending over it—one of them Lord Beaconsfield.

"Exeunt the two lords, right, through a dark side door. Enter the Queen, left. Prince Leopold, Duchess of Argyll, Princess Beatrice and others grouped round the easel, centre. The Queen came up to me and placed her plump little hand in mine after I had curtseyed, and I was counselled to give Her Majesty the description of every figure. She spoke very kindly in a very deep, guttural voice, and showed so much emotion that I thought her all too kind, shrinking now and then as I spoke of the wounds, etc."

For the picture of himself and Staff reaching the bridge across the canal at the close of the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, Lord Wolseley posed, much against his will. The artist's note is: "Lord Wolseley gave me a fitful sitting at their house in London, his wife trying to keep him quiet on her knee like a good boy."

Lady Butler knew the ex-Empress Eugénie well, and she has a collection of "intimacies" about her. For instance: "She told me that just for a freak she walked several times in and out between the two pillars of the Piazzetta at Venice, that time, to brave Fate, who, it was said, punished those who dared to do this. 'Then les événements followed,' she added."

The ex-Kaiser figured several times: In 1894, at a review on Laffan's Plain, "he wore the uniform of our Royal Dragoons, of which regiment he is honorary colonel, and rode a bay horse, as finely trained as a circus horse (and rather suggestive of one, as are his others, too, that are here), with the curb reins passing somewhere round the rider's knees," which supply the place of the left hand, half the size of the right, and apparently almost powerless. The poor fellow's shoulders are padded, too, and one sees the hiatus between the false, square shoulder and the real one, which is very sloping. But the general appearance was gallant. . . . He is just now a keen Anglo-maniac." At the evening reception "he wore the mess dress of the Royal Dragoons, and his right hand was twinkling with very 'loud' rings on every finger, coiled serpents with jewelled eyes."

So, in what she herself calls Victorian and Edwardian stability, Lady Butler made friends in England and in Ireland, in Italy, South Africa, and Egypt. And always she was studying and working. Precision meant everything, and no detail was too small to be treated with disdain. Her models were drawn for the most part from the Army—officers, non-coms and men were ever ready to assist—and horses and camels, too; some of them not so voluntarily.

In this connection there is a good story—and true! "The general company . . . seem to have chiefly amused themselves with the long and, on the whole, silly controversy which was appearing in the *Times* regarding the sequence of the horse's steps as he walks. It began by my horse's walk in 'The Roll Call' having been criticised by those who held to the old conventional idea. How many hours I had moved alongside horses to see for myself exactly how a horse puts his feet down in the walk! I had told many people to go down on all fours themselves and walk, noting the sequence with their own hands and knees, which was sure to be correct instinctively. At this same dinner, Lady Lothian told me she had followed my advice, and the idea of that sedate *grande dame*, with grey hair combed under a white lace cap, pacing round her room on all fours, I thought delightful. Since those days, I have been vindicated by the snapshot."

Not for the "Amazon" were such errors as those with which she twists Landseer and Maclise when she writes: "The Lion Mound soon appeared, that much abused monument. . . . On being shown the plan for this 'Lion Mound,' Wellington exclaimed: 'Well, if they make it, I shall never come here again,' or something to that effect, and, as old Mundy said, 'The Duke was not one to break his word, and he never did come again.' Do you know that, Sir Edwin Landseer, who have it in the background of your picture of Wellington revisiting the field? . . . And there lies La Belle Alliance where Wellington and Blücher did not meet—oh, Mr. Maclise!"

A very noteworthy autobiography of one who



THE LAST OF THE RIDERLESS-HORSE RACES:
AN IMPRESSION IN ROME, IN 1870.

"There appear eleven highly-nervous barbs. . . . The convicts who lead them in (each man, one may say, carrying his life in his hand) are trying, with iron grip, to keep their horses quiet, for the spiked balls and other irritants are now unfastened and dangling loose from the horses' backs. . . . A gun booms . . . in an instant the lot are engulfed in that dark, narrow street (the Corso), the squibs on their backs going off like pistol shots."

Reproduced from Lady Butler's "Autobiography," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Constable and Co.



BY THE PAINTER OF "THE ROLL CALL": CRIMEAN IDEAS,
BY LADY BUTLER (ELIZABETH THOMPSON).

Reproduced from Lady Butler's "Autobiography," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers, Messrs. Constable and Co.

THE CANADIAN SANDHURST: A MILITARY COLLEGE ON LAKE ONTARIO.



THE SPORTS SIDE OF THE CANADIAN CADET'S MILITARY TRAINING: A CANOE RACE AT KINGSTON, WHERE "THE BOATHOUSES CONTAIN AN INFINITE VARIETY OF CRAFT—ROWING-BOATS, YACHTS, CANOES, AND ICE-BOATS."

THE Royal Military College of Kingston, in the province of Ontario, is the Canadian counterpart of Sandhurst and Woolwich, and of West Point in the United States. The Kingston College was founded in 1876. "This establishment," writes M. G. Vattier, "is admirably situated on a long peninsula, of which it covers almost the whole extent, washed by the waters of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. From the college there is a splendid view over the vast lake, while on the horizon of the majestic river lies the dark line of the Thousand Islands, one of the most picturesque places in Canada. On the actual grounds of the College is a group of various buildings built for the most part of local grey limestone. One

[Continued opposite.]



WINTER SPORT AT KINGSTON: PUPILS OF THE FAMOUS CANADIAN MILITARY COLLEGE OFF FOR AN EXPEDITION ON SNOW-SHOES.

[Continued.]
of these buildings, where the cadets have their rooms, is called the 'Stone Frigate,' and dates from the time of the old naval arsenal established there in 1789. The rest comprise a gymnasium, an artillery park, stables, a riding-school, a private hospital, an electrical plant, and the houses of the Commandant, officers, and professors of the college. Every facility is provided for sport, which figures largely in the life of the place. Boat-houses contain an infinite variety of craft for the cadets, including rowing-boats, yachts, canoes, and ice-boats. An immense rink is used in winter for ice-hockey, and there are football and tennis grounds, with a running track for athletics. A very fine new building is in course of construction, to [Continued below.]



WITH A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OVER LAKE ONTARIO AND ALONG THE ST. LAWRENCE TOWARDS THE THOUSAND ISLANDS: THE CANADIAN ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE AT KINGSTON, ON A PENINSULA BETWEEN THE LAKE AND THE RIVER.

Continued.]
replace the existing principal building, which dates from 1876. Soon also there is to be erected a triumphal arch, as a memorial to the cadets who fell in the Great War. Originally the college contained only 18 cadets, but to-day there are 163, and the number will shortly be increased to 300. The pupils are admitted by competitive examination between the ages of 16 and 19. Besides a complete military training, they study mathematics, physics, chemistry, and modern languages. The sports include, besides those already mentioned, fencing, wrestling, boxing, swimming, and, in winter, tobogganing. The aim is, in a word, to make

them gentlemen as well as soldiers, according to the motto on the college arms, 'Truth, Duty, Courage.' Their Commandant, Major-General Sir A. C. MacDonell, himself an ex-cadet, commanded in France the 1st Canadian Division, which distinguished itself at Arras, Amiens, and Cambrai, and he received the Legion of Honour and the Croix de Guerre. Nearly 1000 (about 99 per cent.) of the young men who had passed through the college fought in France or Belgium or elsewhere in Europe during the war; 798 of them won either British or foreign decorations, and 148 were killed."

THE WORLD • • • • • OF WOMEN

THE QUEEN'S new Lord Chamberlain is of quite an imposing height, and handsome withal. In his white breeches and silk stockings, blue tailed coat embroidered in gold oak-leaves and acorns, with a gold key on a rosette of Garter-blue ribbon on one coat-tail, he will be a fine figure on State occasions. His son, the Earl of Uxbridge, is to have a royal godmother. I hear that he is a fine baby, but that his twin-sister is a fine girl and a bit of a tyrant. She had better have her innings now, for his little Lordship will be cock of the walk soon, absorbing his father's principal sub-peacock for his courtesy title and being the heir-apparent. His elder sisters are little beauties, and so are his cousins, Lord and Lady Granby's children. The Manners maketh the handsome families!

The Prince of Wales has been having lively times in print. A daily paper engaged him one day to be married to an Italian Princess, the next day to the daughter of a Scottish Peer. There was not even time for the Italian Princess to institute proceedings for breach of promise. Poor Prince! He is not let alone to arrange his own matrimonial affairs. Yet this is what all who know him know that he will do, and whatever he wants will be cordially approved by the people who love him. A girl told me that he slipped into a stall beside her at the theatre one night, and she never recognised him until the light went up. He enjoyed the play thoroughly, she said, and was so natural and nice that he fascinated her much more than the proceedings on the stage.

Children's parties have been features of the last week or two; there have been many, private and public. If only the adult element could be invisible, what pretty things they would be! I was at one where I saw such lovely kiddies as would have delighted a painter of childhood. There was a wee boy in a white fur tunic and cap, and big black high boots; closely cuddled up to him was the sweetest mite in a long-skirted, sad-coloured mediæval brocade dress, and wearing a latticed cap of pearls. Their combined ages would not have exceeded seven, and they looked just ducks! Then I heard a conversation between a lad dressed as a Clown and another as a Cavalier. To my amazement it was all about induction tubes, insulators, accumulators, and such scientific wildfowl.

The boys had a wireless set for listening-in given them for Christmas, and were evidently so obsessed by it that the gay scene before them failed to interest.

The sales were doubtless thrilling to some, and the thrills resulted perhaps pleasantly. A friend, after a struggle as if for life, emerged from the cheap floor of one of them on a hot, muggy day into the restaurant. After patient waiting, she got a table and explained to a friend that, although she hated sales, she had done well, she thought, and enumerated her bargains. When, however, she went to pay for her lunch, she found her purse gone, and so her bargains were Dead-sea fruit and her hatred of sales increased. There is no

doubt that, wherever crowds of women assemble together on something intent, there are thieves in the midst of them. The lady in question was lucky only in having a friend to pay for her lunch. Otherwise, as she was quite unknown in the shop, she might have had insult added to injury!



colonel brought in a wife with £900 per annum; and there is not a single sailor quoted. Probably, as "they all love Jack" the matrimonial negotiator forbore to try to range any of them!

Lady Desborough gave a dance at Taplow Court for her younger daughter, Miss Imogen Grenfell, at the beginning of this week. Soon after her marriage—her husband was Mr. W. H. Grenfell then—Taplow Court was burgled one night at dinner time. Many things quite irreplaceable were taken, among them royal wedding presents. Lady Desborough is a co-heir to the Barony of Butler, being a niece of the seventh Earl Cowper. She is a kinswoman, and has always been a great personal friend, of the Duchess of Portland. Lord Desborough, one of our best-known sportsmen, and a great favourite, is, through his mother, related to Princess Mary's husband. She was the daughter of the late Rt. Hon. William Sebright Lascelles, son of the second Earl of Harewood. Lord and Lady Desborough have one surviving son and two daughters. The débutante, who will be presented during the season, is not eighteen until the 11th of next month.

Beautiful old houses are much sought after, and Lord and Lady Ednam are envied for having secured one in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. He is a great favourite, and won his M.C. in the war, also the Legion of Honour. He has been Member for Hornsey since 1921, and he has a son, who is godson to the Prince of Wales, and was three years old on January 5 last. Lady Ednam is the Duke of Sutherland's only sister, and is very pretty and attractive. She finished her education in Dresden, and came home not long before the war broke out. She was married in 1919, on March 8. The late Marchioness of Londonderry made her last appearance in public at this wedding—she died on March 16 of that year. Lord Ednam's youngest sister, a god-daughter of Queen Alexandra and the Duke of Connaught, will be a débutante of this year. She will be nineteen in August.

The Queen is always full of interest in novelties, especially when they come from our own overseas possessions. Someone told her Majesty about rubber flowers used for hat trimmings, motifs on evening gowns, and what not, made in Ceylon. Only at one place in London were these procurable, so Lady Mary Trefusis wrote and asked for some to be sent to the Queen. Her Majesty was much pleased, and bought the three prettiest—all lotus blooms. They are all-weather flowers, and can be scrubbed clean when soiled. They are very pretty in colour and last a long time, and are extraordinarily light. Ceylon is a great rubber place, and this is a side-show of a great industry. Now we must look out for the Queen's rubber flowers!

In these days of broadcasting and other wireless wonders, an appropriate amusement for winter evenings is the new "wireless" card game, called "Iddy Umpty," produced by Messrs. Thomas de la Rue and Co. It is, incidentally, useful as well, because it soon teaches the players to read the Morse code. Any number may take part in the game, and a pack of "Iddy Umpty" cards is required for each player. The rules of the game are, of course, supplied with the pack.

A. E. L.



HATS FOR THE RIVIERA. FROM WOOLLANDS.

At the top we have a large black satin hat with a drapery of black lace at the right, and a silver ribbon round the base of the crown. Next is a hat of lavender straw with a bow of the same colour and the same material. Then comes a black marocain hat, which is trimmed with cerise-coloured cock's feathers, outlined with silver. Following this is a close-fitting shape of silk canvas straw, with a coronet of flowers, and a veil over the eyes to add a touch of mystery. The last hat is of black satin with a huge bow of ribbon of the same material.

The relative matrimonial value of men is given in a list of arrangements said to have been successfully made by an agency that claims to have negotiated marriages for the nobility, gentry, commercial and all classes since 1860. Their experience should prove illuminating, and the Church has it in value, for a "Rev." brought in a lady with £3000 a year. A Baronet probably found his title a bait, for his lady had a quarter of a million. A mere gentleman acquired an heiress to £20,000. A merchant who possessed £1500 a year only succeeded in marrying the daughter of a "Sir" with apparently only a paternal prefix instead of a long pedigree. A lieutenant

The John Haig Clubland Series No. 13.**A Chaucerian Club.**

PROBABLY the oldest known Club in England was "La Court de Bone Compagnie," which existed as far back as the year 1413, in the Reign of Henry IV. It included amongst its members the worthy old poet Occleve, and almost certainly Chaucer. The works of the former include two ballads written about that year, one of which is a congratulation by the brethren to Henry Somer on his appointment as Sub-Treasurer of the Exchequer, while in the other Occleve mentions some Club rules and observances, and gives Somer official notice that he is expected to be in the Chair at their next meeting, and that the "Styward" has warned him that he is—

"For the Dyner arraye
"Ageyn Thirsday next, and nat his delaye."

Naturally, very little is known about this ancient Club, but it had its own rules and regulations, many of which can be traced in its successors of modern times. As the illustration shows, the use of the word "Board" as meaning a table in such phrases as "the Festive Board," "Board of Directors," etc., is derived from the fact that in the early days, when tables were unknown, long boards were placed upon trestles and used as tables. Chairs, of course, were known, but were seldom used.

In spite, however, of its drawbacks, this Club of over five centuries ago was a jovial affair, although it was not until 1627, some two centuries later, that the inevitable concomitant of the discriminating clubman, John Haig Whisky, first became known. For the three centuries, however, that have passed since 1627, the *original* Haig Whisky has maintained its sway unchallenged, and it is to-day more firmly established than ever in the favour of all those whose taste is beyond question.



By Appointment.

Dye Ven
John
THE ORIGINAL
Haig?

The Clubman's Whisky since 1627

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

TWO CENTENARIES.

M R. GUSTAV HOLST lectured last week to the Musical Association on the centenaries of two Elizabethan composers, William Byrd and Thomas Weelkes, both of whom died in the year 1623. He

madrigals, in addition to the songs of John Dowland for solo voice, and musicians are at last beginning to recognise that this is a work of national importance, and that in making these wonderful things accessible to the public he has already begun to exert a very remarkable influence on the whole style of contemporary English music. Dr. Fellowes is a scholar and an amateur; in England it is precisely the scholars and amateurs who accomplish these things. The general public, even those who have some inclination for music, has taken little notice of this rediscovery of the Elizabethan composers, and has paid even less attention to the still more difficult and laborious rediscovery of the Pre-Reformation church composers of England. Only when Dr. Fellowes printed a volume of poems taken from the Elizabethan music-books, without their musical settings, did the educated public begin to be interested. Educated people in England pride themselves on being well read in English poetry of the past, but they are not in the least ashamed to be utterly ignorant of even the names of their great musicians. Mr. Holst brought forward a characteristic example. A certain English composer of the Middle Ages is spoken of by contemporary chroniclers on the Continent as the leader of a famous group of composers in France and the Netherlands, and as being the "father of counterpoint"—or, in plainer language, the first composer who had a really scientific understanding of how to compose music for several voices singing together in parts. His works are hardly to be found in England at all. So little was known of him that many writers confused him with a mediæval English saint, whose name was somewhat similar, and who thus became accredited with miraculous musical powers.

The saint in question was St. Dunstan; the composer was John Dunstable. The manuscripts of his compositions are to be found in libraries at Modena and at Trent in the Tyrol. How they happen to have been preserved in those particular places I do not know; but about ten years ago the Austrian Government took it upon itself to print the contents of the Trent manuscripts as part of their series of "Monuments of Music in Austria." It had never occurred to any English official body to publish them—or, indeed, anything else—as monuments of music in England. That all this Tudor music is now being reprinted is due partly to private enterprise and partly to the Carnegie Trust.

There has been some talk of a Byrd festival this year, and a committee has been formed to consider it and make plans. This committee has not yet issued any definite pronouncement as to what form the celebration will take, or when or where it will be held. We may vaguely hope that, as Byrd's name is for the moment prominent, the various cathedrals, churches, and choral societies of England will at least consider the possibility of performing some work of his. The actual day of his death was July 4.

(Continued overleaf.)



A CANADIAN MEMORIAL THAT HAS CAUSED CRITICISM:
THE LAURIER MONUMENT AT OTTAWA.

This monument was recently erected in Notre Dame Cemetery at Ottawa to the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada from 1896 to 1911, who died on February 17, 1919. It was designed by Mr. F. Laberte in collaboration with Mr. Souzor Cote, both of Montreal. Contributions were raised from all over the Dominion. The committee delayed formal acceptance of the work, not being entirely satisfied with it, as the statue representing Ontario (one of nine, each symbolising a province) was considered not typical of the spirit of that province, and the expression of the figure was not happy.—[Photo, supplied by W. J. Garcock.]

began by remarking that there were several other centenaries of English musicians falling in this year, all of which deserved to be remembered. English people are strangely indifferent to the history of their own music. When Dr. Fellowes began to publish the complete secular vocal music of the Elizabethans, he had the greatest difficulty in collecting subscribers. He has now brought out twenty-four volumes of



LOOKING "UPSIDE-DOWN" WITH ITS BODY ABOVE THE WINGS: THE SECOND GERMAN

ALL-METAL AEROPLANE TO REACH ENGLAND SINCE THE WAR.

Since the Dornier arrived at Croydon (as illustrated in our issue of January 13), another German all-metal aeroplane (shown above) alighted there on January 10 from Gelsenkirchen. Like the Dornier, it was designed by Professor Hugo Junkers, the German inventor of all-metal machines. The Secretary for Air, Sir Samuel Hoare, and Air Ministry officials, went to Croydon to inspect it. The fuselage being placed above the wings gives it an upside-down appearance. Other features are the high carrying capacity (six passengers) and the low horse-power of the engine (only 160 h.p.).—[Photograph by C.N.]

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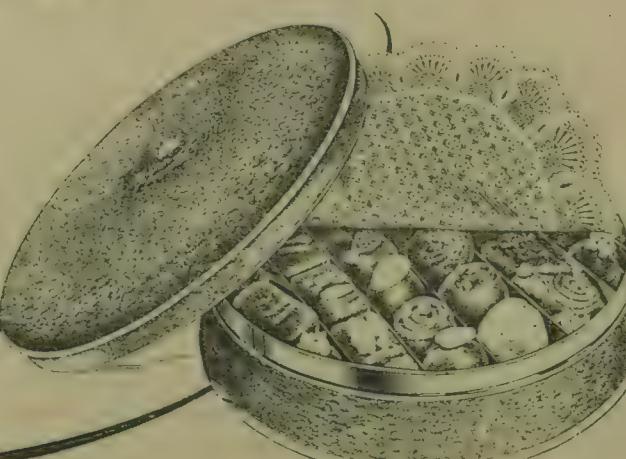
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Continued.]
so there is every excuse for putting off a decision until the weather is a little warmer.

Mr. Holst gave his audience a wise word of warning against making too much fuss about Byrd. He has already been spoken of as the "English Palestrina," and some people are preparing to talk about Palestrina as the "Italian Byrd." Mr. Holst, having studied Byrd thoroughly and carefully, is not afraid to be critical of him. It will be no benefit to anyone if Byrd, on this occasion of his tercentenary, is merely put on a pedestal and worshipped in ignorance little less black than that which preceded the festivity. On the whole, I think we may feel fairly safe, for, as Mr. Holst pointed out, it is the young musicians in England who are genuinely interested in these rediscoveries; and young musicians are nothing if not critical. They want to know and understand not merely Byrd's music, but that of his contemporaries as well; to distinguish between their various styles; and to grasp their artistic personalities as clearly and separately as their elders did those of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. That this old music can still be as vital and human in its expression as the poetry with which it is associated was abundantly clear from what Mr. Holst told and from what he showed us in actual practice. During the war, Mr. Holst was with the army in Salonika, and he seized the chance of making soldiers acquainted with Elizabethan music, with the result that the men could be heard singing tunes from Byrd as they walked along the streets of the city.

The lecture was illustrated by a chorus of students from Morley College, where Mr. Holst has taught music for several years. These young people are at work in various professions and trades during the daytime, so that it was a matter of some difficulty for them to reach the lecture-room by six o'clock. The illustrations were postponed until the end of the lecture, and the chorus did not reach its full strength until later in the evening. But, tired as they must have been with their day's work, they sang

with extraordinary spirit and enthusiasm. Apart from all questions of scholarship and learning, it was inspiring to watch the faces of the singers as they sang.

It is a wonderful thing for young working men and women to come into close artistic contact with a musician of Mr. Holst's genius. Mr. Holst would probably say that it was a still more wonderful thing for a composer to come into contact with a group of

gutter Press and the sloppy ballad are intended to catch, are being given the chance of understanding what is really noble and beautiful in music, and are responding to that chance with heart and soul. There was nothing very remarkable about the voices of the Morley College students—indeed, they sometimes seemed a little tired and thin. But there was nothing tired about their brains. To say that they sang with intelligence is to give an inadequate account of them. There are plenty of choirs who sing with a pleasant blend of tone, with a certain feeling for the shape of a phrase, and with a reasonable security of keeping in tune. The Morley College students had something over and above all these things—a quality which it is difficult to describe without the use of rather technical language. They had a precision and sharp definition of pitch which even among the best choirs is very rare.—EDWARD J. DENT.



A REMARKABLE SALMON LEAP: A BIG FISH IN THE AIR ASCENDING A WEIR AT ROMSEY.

This interesting "snapshot" shows a big salmon leaping the weir on the River Test at Romsey, Hampshire. The water belongs to Lieut.-Colonel Wilfrid Ashley, M.P., whose daughter last year married Lord Louis Mountbatten.—[Photograph by W. Dennis Moss, Cirencester.]

people of this kind. He has the gift of communicating his own personality to them; one can feel sure that people who have sung under him and rehearsed madrigals with him will have learnt something vital about the innermost essence of music which they will never forget. It means that the people leading hard-worked lives, people of the class which the

poems by S. L. James, Margaret Eyres, Marjorie Stanley-Clarke, Edna Norman, and Mr. Trelawney Dayrell Reed, whose poem on Bournemouth is perfectly delightful. The price of the review is 2s. 6d. a number, or 10s. a year, post free, and it can be obtained of all booksellers and from 6, King Street, Wimborne, Dorset.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

An Insurance Question.

A writer in the *Motor Owner* complains of the treatment accorded him by an insurance company. As every insured motorist knows, it is customary among the insurance companies to make a reduction of ten

that I was not making a claim, and said that the last thing in the world I proposed to do was to admit that my side was liable for the damage done. I was told, however, that the form ought to be filled up, purely as a matter of record. I therefore complied with the request, and at the end of the year my ten per cent. rebate was refused because I had made this "claim." I took the only course that appeared to be open, and transferred my insurance to another company, though I suppose this last will treat me in precisely the same way. There is, I believe, a wholly immoral arrangement among the insurance companies for halving the damages sustained in accidents through collision. It is known as the "knock for knock" agreement, and, while it may be very much in the interests of the companies themselves, it certainly appears to operate to the detriment of the insured. Not to put too fine a point on it, I think the whole thing comes perilously close to what is vulgarly known as a ramp.

Ireland and the State Government has cut away from the British Treasury formula and has decided to tax cars on a different basis altogether. They are keeping to the horse-power tax, but are assessing the unit on a cubic capacity basis by making the arbitrary rule that 160 cubic centimetres shall equal one horse-power. This really seems to be a better scheme than our own, which calculates horse-power purely on cylinder diameter and without any regard to stroke, which amounts to saying that cubic content does not enter into the calculation. Obviously, this is all in favour of the long-stroke engine, and

has undoubtedly produced a marked effect on design. The effect of this change in tax basis is, generally speaking, that individual cars will pay less than they do in England. For example, the 11·9-h.p. Morris-Cowley pays £12 here, while the Irish tax will be £10; the Ford in this country pays £23 per annum, and in Ireland £18; the Rolls-Royce pays £46 as against £49—and so on. According to the *Autocar*, out of a representative list of fifty-two cars issued by the Ministry of Local Government, thirty-one will pay smaller duties, ranging from £1 to £5, thirteen will pay more, ranging from £1 to £6, and eight will pay at the same rate as under the Treasury formula. In the net result, the amount of duty accruing to the Government on the fifty-two cars will be £34 less than under the other formula.

Congratulations to Mr. Edward Manville. Manville, M.P. for Coventry and Chairman of the B.S.A. and Daimler Companies, who has received a knighthood in the New Year list.—W. W.

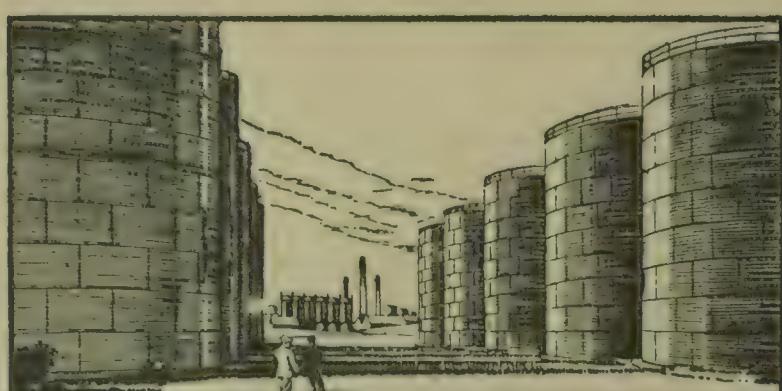


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per cent. on the current premium where there has been no claim during the preceding year. In the case quoted the insured car was left standing by the roadside and a passing lorry skidded into it, causing considerable damage. Of course, the whole of the liability was on the owner of the lorry, but the occurrence was reported to the company in which the car was insured. They, from their own point of view and for their own protection, took up the matter with the other side. In the end the owner of the car was refused his rebate on the ground that there had been a claim during the year. This seems to be the general practice among insurance companies. I have myself been a victim of it in respect of a slight accident which was absolutely no fault of my own, and for which the other people concerned admitted full liability. As in the case I have quoted, I reported the matter to the company in which I was insured, and was asked to fill in a claim form. I pointed out



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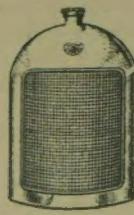
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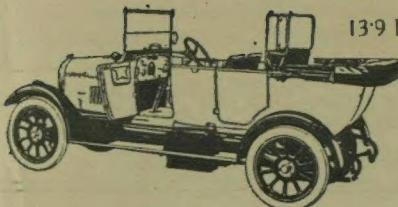
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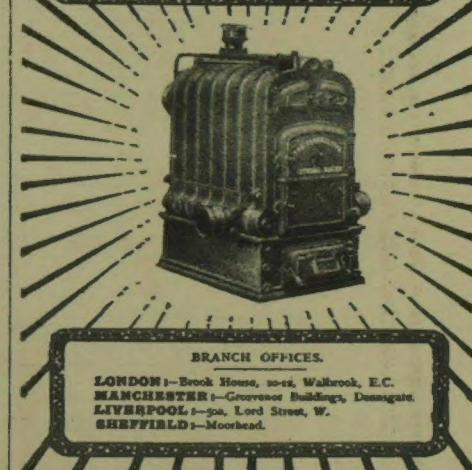
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To one who is a gramophone-owner for the first time, there is so much of novelty about it that almost anything seems rather wonderful, and no great discrimination is shown when purchasing records; but once that stage is over, a serious start should be made on what may be termed the permanent collection, and anything that does not come up to standard in taste or recording should be ruthlessly discarded.

Recorded music now covers so large a field that representative groups of each type of composition are easily to be found. One can start with folk music and folk dances, then some Elizabethan music, and so through the great masters, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schubert, and so on to the more modern composers, including Grieg, Wagner, Dvorak, Saint-Saëns, Liszt, Debussy, Elgar, Rimsky-Korsakov, Tchaikovsky, etc. The "His Master's Voice" catalogue of records has a fine selection of these and many others, shown in chronological order in the "educational" section, and the Columbia Company have issued recently an excellent "Musician's and Music-Lover's Guide" to Columbia records, in which the available works of some seventy composers are given.

Operatic records are a section in themselves, and they are, perhaps, the most completely done at the moment. Orchestral recording has had much attention during the last year or two, and such records as "Till Eulenspiegel's Pranks," by Strauss, on "His Master's Voice"; or Stravinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu" ("Firebird"), on "Columbia," should be in the modern section of every collection. Some fine records of concertos for piano, violin, or violoncello and orchestra are to be had, and chamber music must also be found in our ideal record library. Violin and piano solos abound, played by world-famous virtuosi, and standard ballads are to be had. Then there are military band selections, dance records, and

humorous records. Although these two latter varieties do not appeal to all, it should be remembered that the gramophone is an entertainer without parallel, and a little leavening in lighter vein is sometimes very welcome, after a spell of serious music. Nor must one forget the splendid records of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas that can now be had. There is, indeed, no dearth of fine recorded music, and collections of records should be built up, starting even



SINGER OF THE "BALLADE DE JEANNETTE"—FOR "HIS MASTER'S VOICE": MISS LEILA MEGANE.

Miss Leila Megane is here seen as Jeannette in Levede's opera, "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pedaque," the rôle she created when the opera was first produced at the Opéra Comique in Paris. Her singing of the "Ballade de Jeannette" is one of the features of this month's recordings ("His Master's Voice").

with only one record in each of the main sections. The chief thing is to get some system into it, so that, after a time, you can arrange a first-class concert programme from your own collection.

NEW RECORDS.—HIS MASTER'S VOICE.

The orchestral numbers include a fine double-sided disc containing Glinka's Overture, "Ruslan u. Ludmila," and "The Dance of the Tumblers," from "The Snow Maiden" (Rimsky-Korsakov), played by The Symphony Orchestra, with Albert Coates conducting. Both are brilliant pieces, to which a contrast is afforded in languorous airs from "Madame Butterfly," given in a selection by the Royal Albert Hall Orchestra, under Eugene Goossens. Two very beautiful records are Thomas Moore's "When Love is Kind," sung by Lucrezia Bori, and Frieda Hempel's rendering of one of Schubert's Lieder, "Wohin." Rachmaninoff plays his own arrangement of the Minuet from Bizet's "L'Arlésienne" Suite in a perfectly amazing manner. Lamond is represented in a dainty little piece by Glinka, "L'Alouette" ("The Lark"), and the Minuet from Beethoven's Sonata Op. 31, No. 3.

COLUMBIA.

Dame Clara Butt heads the list with "Creation's Hymn" (Beethoven), which admirably suits her majestic style. Busoni displays his technical mastery in the 13th Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt. W. H. Squire, the popular cellist, plays Gluck's "Menuet" and a Scherzo of Van Goens in finished manner. The New Queen's Hall Orchestra gives us a selection from "Tosca," and the London Symphony Orchestra a couple of Intermezzos from "The Jewels of the Madonna." The youthful violinist Bratza plays Kreisler's arrangement of Rimsky's "Chanson Indoue," and a Rondino of Beethoven; and Dora Labette contributes "Solveig's Song," and "She Wandered Down the Mountain Side." The most successful numbers from "The Last Waltz" are recorded by José Collins and Kingsley Lee.

VOCALION.

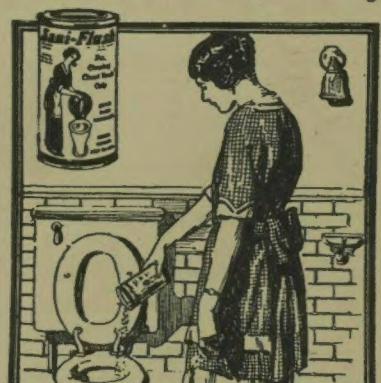
Two good vocal discs are "Non Più Andrai" ("The Marriage of Figaro"), sung by Eric Marshall, and the "Waltz Song" from "Tom Jones," by Caroline Hatchard, both with orchestral accompaniment. The instrumental solos include two dainty viola pieces, Petite Suite No. 2 (d'Ambrosio-Tertis), and "Rondino" (Kreisler). Maurice Dambois plays two 'cello solos. The Criterion Male Quartet are heard in "Darling Nellie Gray" and "Sally in Our Alley."

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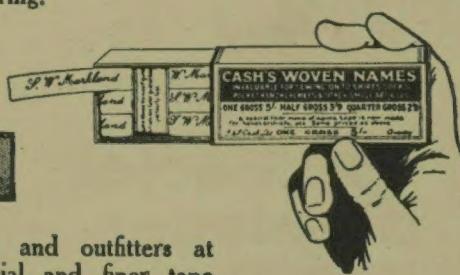
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Anzora Cream is most suitable for greasy scalps, while Anzora Viola is recommended for dry scalps. Both are sold by all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores etc., in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles.

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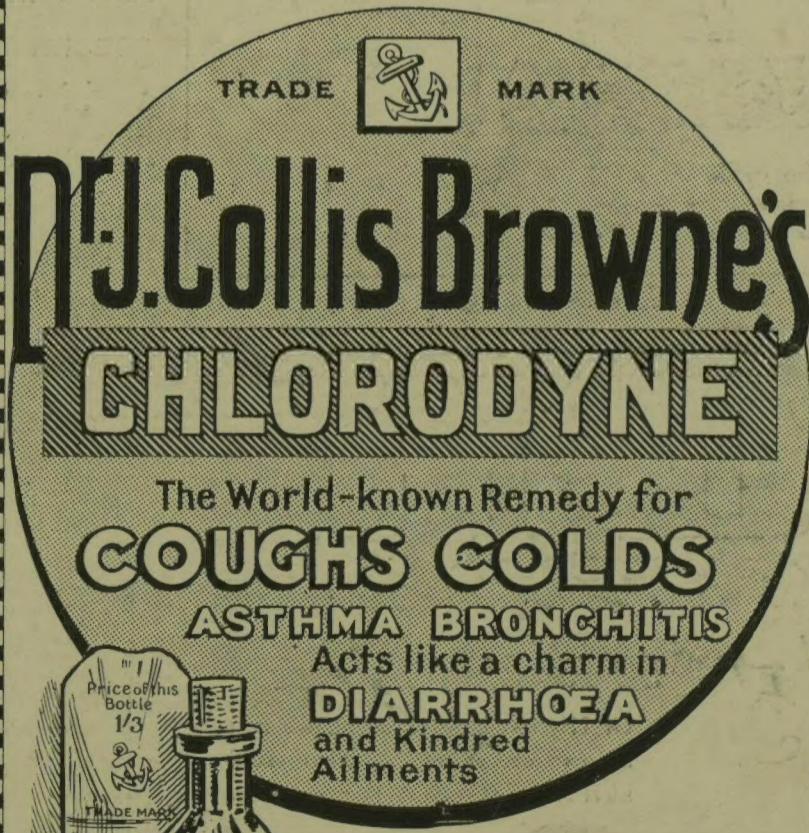
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Ladies will find it very refreshing and beneficial to the skin. Pure, free from grease and delicately perfumed. Obtainable in handy jars at 1/3

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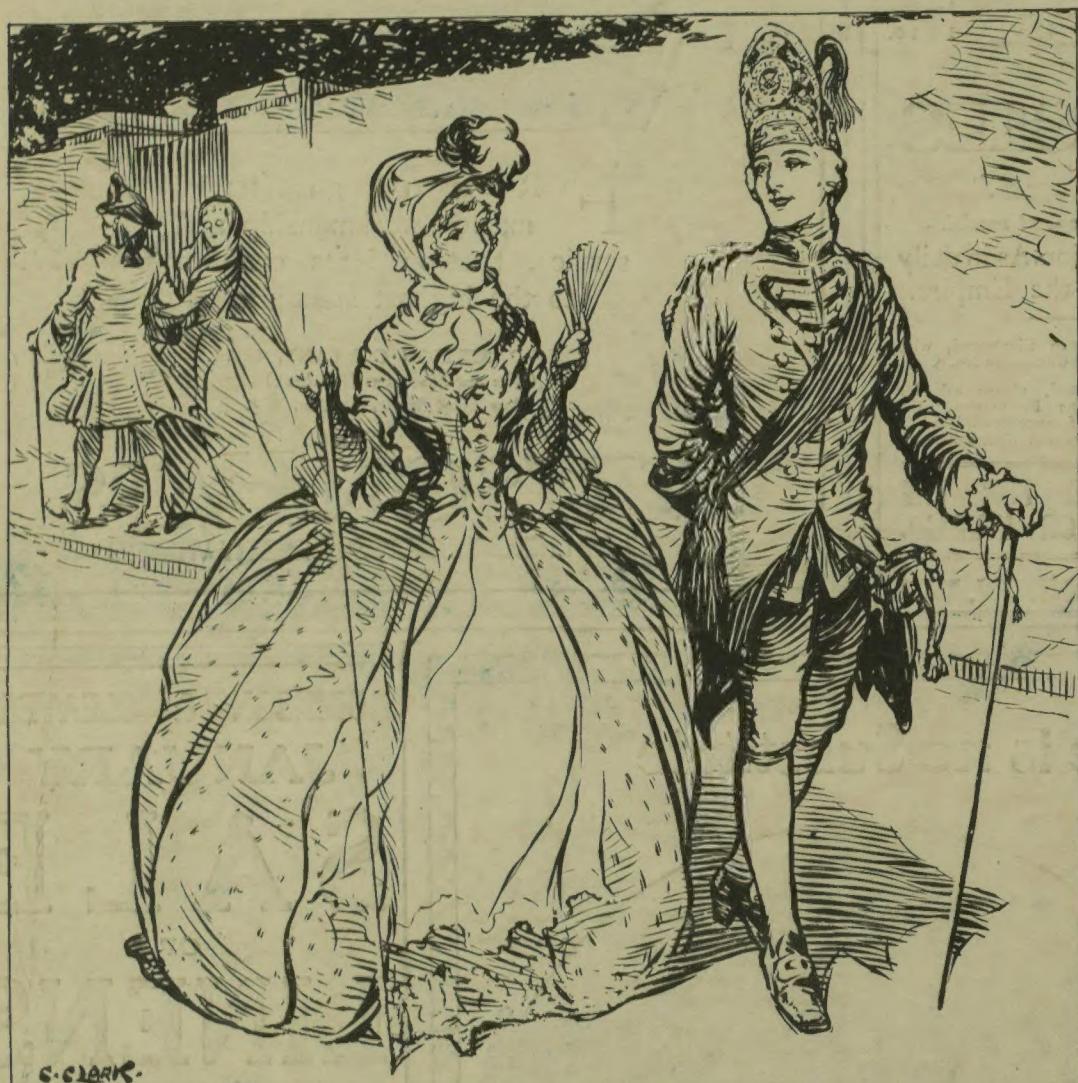
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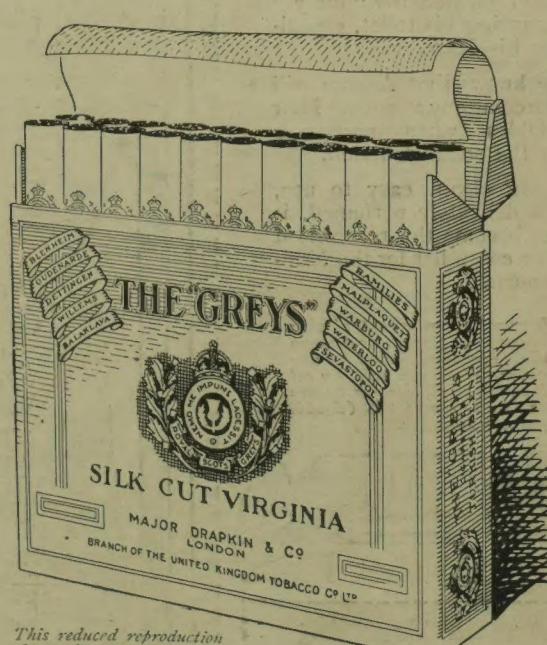
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